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VOL. II.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. DEBRET, OPPOSITE BURLING-
TON HOUSE, IN PICCADILLY.
MDCCLXXXVI.

36

R.R.



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A N
A S Y L U M
F O R
F U G I T I V E P I E C E S.

WRITTEN AT NICE,

AUGUST 1743.

BY THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX, LATE LORD
HOLLAND.

O! Where are all the winds? O! who will seize
And bear me gasping to some northern breeze?
Or westward to yon Pyrenæans go
Lay me where lies the yet unmelted snow.
O! my soul's panting wish in mid-day dreams!
O! native soil! O! verdure, woods, and streams,
Where are ye? And thou! lovely Redlynch! where
Thy grassy prospects, and thy vernal air?
O! send thy spacious waters to my aid,
Lend me thy lofty elm's protecting shade;

VOL. II.

B

Hence-

h

Henceforth within thy limits let me live
 O! England! injured climate! I forgive
 Thy spleen-inflicting mists, thy gloomy days,
 I'll think thy clouds but intercept such rays
 As now rage here, before whose hostile blaze
 The waters shrink, withers herb, fruit, and grain,
 And the blood throbs in the distemper'd vein.
 So shall I pleas'd behold thy low'ring skies,
 Contented see thy thickest fogs arise,
 For e'en to thy November's arms, to shun
 This painful heat, with transport would I run.

HAVING WON AT HAZARD,

ON TWELFTH NIGHT, AT COURT.

BY THE SAME.

IN all we say, or write, or do
 We still have beauty in our view.
 Before a Knight the lists will enter
 Some Dulcinea bids him venture,
 To whom, if haply he succeed,
 He strait imputes the glorious deed;
 'Twas not his strength or skill in arms,
 But his bright Dame's superior charms.
 Thus when we read in modern wars
 By Pandours, Croats, and Huffars,

How

How towns are storm'd, how squadrons fall,
'Tis their Queen's beauty does it all.

This truth does in Religion hold,
How languid here! how faint! how cold!
But mark the Catholic's devotion,
And who can paint his strong emotion.
Adoring, while his prayer he's urging,
A Raphael's, or a Guido's virgin?

This truth's in Poetry so known
That, lest no Mistress of his own
Should deign to guide the Poet's quill,
The Muses ply on Pindus' hill
With face, and form, and voice divine,
And he may have his choice of nine.

Thus, knowing well this maxim, *Fox*
Could not be brought to touch the box,
Till lovely *Pembroke* lent her aid,
And smiled upon him as he played,
To shew she was sincere too, went
I think they say, 'twas two per cent.
'Twas then inspired the dice he threw,
'Twas then, as if her mind they knew,
The dice in quick obedience flew.

But as all joys are mix'd with care,
He fancies now it scarce was fair;
(Hard fate! if spite of follies past
He for a sharper pass at last:)

Yet if he knew in Fortune's scale
 Superior beauty would prevail,
 What chance had *Harrington* or *Wade*,
 Unless they found some lovely maid
 Whose charms might *Pembroke's* charms excell?
 And where such prodigy should dwell,
 Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, nor Muse can tell.

}

WITH A CHINA CHAMBERPOT,

TO THE COUNTESS OF HILLSBOROUGH.

BY THE SAME.

Too proud, too delicate to tell her wants
 Her lover guesses them, and gladly grants;
 The wish that he still trembles to explain
 She long has known, but bids him wish in vain;
 With tears incessant he laments his case,
 And can have small occasion for this vase.
 Go then beneath her bed or toilet-stand,
 But chiefly after tea be near at hand;
 Sure of her notice then, then take your fill,
 Nor fear one drop her tidy hand should spill,
 Though Cyder or Champagne supply the source,
 And laughter hurry forth the rapid course.

Who

Who talks of the Pierian spring or stream ?
 But stop dear Muse, lest on th' enchanting theme
 My warm imagination should proceed
 To what you must not write, she must not read.

Kings-gate, 1764.

ON RETURNING FROM ITALY, IN 1767.

BY THE SAME.

*Musis amicus tristitiam & metus
 Tradam protervus in mare breticum
 Portare ventis.*

THUS Holland spoke, as from the summit vast
 Of *Cenis*, eastward his fond eyes I he cast :
 Regions of health adieu ! to you I owe
 Doctors dismiss'd, with their whole train of woe.
 Regions of health adieu ! you knew t' assuage
 The ill of sickness, and encreasing age.
 When shatter'd nerves that worst of evils brought,
 Spleen, that to mis'ry swells each anxious thought,
 Your cloudless sky dispersed it, and I find
 With health restored, serenity of mind.
 White-liver'd *Grenville*, and self-loving *Gower*
 Shall never cause one peevish moment more ;
 Not that *their* spite required I should repair
 To southern climates and a warmer air,
 Slight was the pain *they* gave, and short it's date ;
 I found I could not both despise and hate.

But, *Rigby*, what did I for *this* endure?
 Thy serpent's tooth admitted of no cure;
 Lost converse never thought of without tears!
 Lost promised hope of my declining years!
 O! what a heavy task 'tis to remove
 Th' accustomed ties of confidence and love?
 Friendship, in anguish, turn'd away her face,
 While cunning Int'rest sneer'd at her disgrace.
 And what has he, mistaken Man! obtain'd
 For broken faith? for truth and honour stain'd?
Shelburne, and *Calcraft*—O! the holy band
 See, see, with *Gower* caballing where they stand;
 O! may nor time, nor accident divide
 This knot, by mutual love of virtue tied.
 It will not be—for lo! the words scarce spoke
 The league confirming, but the league was broke.
 Soon *Shelburne's* falsehood taught thee to repent,
 Then *Rigby*, why didst thou not then relent?
 But I was doomed to long and bitter grief,
 Till time, and Italy have brought relief,
 Drawn ev'ry sting of mem'ry from my breast,
 And soothed each passion of my soul to rest.
 Nor do I go in dread of a return,
 Again to trust false friends, again to mourn;
 But fear and sorrow to the western breeze
 To be transported to yon' Cretan seas
 I give; resolved my close of life to spend
 In idle Cheerfulness, the Muse's friend.

CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE. AN ELEGY.

FROM THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT BELGRAVE.

WHERE rugged cliffs uprear their stormy brows,
 A fullen stream winds thro' Cimmerian glades ;
 Near which full many a willow spreads its boughs,
 And bending o'er, the urn of Werter shades.

To this sad spot, at midnight's solemn hour,
 Would Charlotte oft with trembling step repair,
 Nor e'er forget to twine each fairest flower,
 Or weep, or offer up to heaven her prayer.

The glimmering moon shone faintly from on high,
 And half disclos'd, half veil'd the awful scene :
 No voice prophane disturb'd Night's majesty,
 But all was hush'd, all tranquil, all serene.

When the lorn maid, true to the task of woe,
 Beside her Werter's reliques took her stand ;
 And while th' unbidden tears began to flow,
 And the flowers dropt from her unconscious hand ;

Receive, she cried, this tributary wreath,
 Happy ! to-morrow's dawn shall see thee fade,
 Noon mark thee shrinking from its burning breath,
 And the grey eve behold thee quite decay'd.

But when decay'd, thou wak'st to life no more——
 My woe, alas ! wakes with the day's return ;
 Oh ! could it sleep life's lingering remnant o'er,
 And like thee never know a second morn.

How vain my prayers ! now gentle Sleep descends,
 To shed his poppies o'er a nation's eyes :
 But not my couch the partial power attends,
 Nor stays my tears, nor calms my bursting sighs.

Restless I start, and by the moon's pale gleam,
 To these lone desarts bend my dreary way.
 Ah ! never, wiser, by thy hallow'd stream,
 May wretch so lost to hope, to comfort stray !

There was a time, when flush'd with young desire,
 I rang'd with gladsome foot thy meads along ;
 At vacant eve led up the village choir,
 And made thy banks re-echo to my song.

But now Love's golden hour is pass'd for aye,
 Golden it was to my unwary fight :
 Fond wretch ! I dreamt not that beneath it lay
 Such hidden scenes of anguish bearing night.

Why

Why was I born to taste of endless grief,
 The sport of fortune, and of fate to prove,
 Yet know no lenient power can bring relief?
 Ah, what of happiness I've lost by love!

Rash hapless youth! But the storm raves no more;
 Peaceful in dust, the long long night you sleep:
 Remorse, despair, e'en *love* with you is o'er,
 While Charlotte still endures—to wake and weep.

Say, from yon hoary sleep that braves the storm,
 (Whose rough sides groan amidst the angry main,)
 Is it a crime to cast this wretched form,
 And end a life of misery and pain?

It is, it is,—Each frantic start forgot,
 Resign'd to woe I wait its progress here;
 Here, while I feed the melancholy thought,
 Breathe the deep sigh, and drop the impassion'd tear.

And you, ye willows, mourning o'er his urn,
 With close embraces guard your sacred trust;
 Ah! ne'er aside your mingling branches turn,
 For never shall ye shade more generous dust.

Mourn on, nor stay your sympathizing tears;
 Oh! were I one of you, a willow green,
 With care I'd watch o'er his lov'd urn for years,
 And spread fresh foliage round the solemn scene.

But why should I my Werter's fate lament ?
 His soul to happier realms has wing'd its way,
 And while I weep in these close limits pent,
 Basks in the splendor of eternal day.

Away with sorrow's unavailing sigh !
 My lot is cast. Within my tortur'd breast,
 Despair and anguish reign ; Death hovers nigh,
 Yet still delays to soothe my cares to rest.

High winds arose, and woe's imperfect sound
 Yet trembled on the love-lorn Charlotte's tongue ;
 Rough roars the increasing storm, the rocks rebound,
 And vivid lightnings glare the woods among.

Placid, she lifts her swollen eyes to heaven,
 With such a look as spoke her sorrows o'er,
 Then clasp'd the urn, then pray'd to be forgiven,
 Then met the lightning's flash, and—breath'd no
 more !

AN ODE AFTER THE ANTIENT GREEK MODEL,
ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
VISCOUNT BELGRAVE, ON HIS LEAVING HAR-
ROW.

*Nunc in ovilia
Demisit hostem virvidus impetus,
Mox in reluctantes Dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae.*

HOR.

S T R O P H E, I.

I Hate the mind

That, fraught with strength beyond her years,
Shrinks from the post by heaven assign'd,

Repell'd by slavish doubts and fears :

That, indolently prudent, stays

'Till age matures her early powers,

And wastes, amidst such dull delays,

Youth's vigorous, unabated hours.

O blind ! to think such blessings given

By fav'ring heaven

To sleep for years,

Like the dull lamps in Sepulchres,
Which never, 'till decay'd, shew the pale fire
That struggles into day, to glimmer, and expire.

Does the young eagle wait 'till time
Spreads the full plumage o'er his breast ;

And, 'till empower'd to soar sublime,
Clings coy and trembling to his nest ?

B 6

No !

No!—bursting from the parent shell,
 In mimic flights his wings he plies,
 And, rising from the lowly dell,
 His power in short excursions tries:
 'Till, many a height subdu'd, at length
 (His courage growing with his strength)
 He takes a loftier stand, and towers away
 To meet the noon-tide sun in the full blaze of day.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Yet some there are
 Who (prompted by this heaven-born flame
 That bids th' undaunted spirit dare,
 And e'en from Envy wrest a name)
 While the light sports of childhood last,
 Dwell on a something yet unknown,
 And, nobly spurning at the past,
 Believe the future all their own:
 Belgrave! this praise to thee belongs,
 Whose earliest songs
 Were richly fraught
 With the strong seeds of latest thought,
 With aspirations to that deathless fame
 Which to acquire is great; is greatness but to
 claim.

Have

Have I not trac'd thy * youthful lays
 From tender tales of tender things,
 To themes more worthy of the bays,
 To loftier notes from louder strings?
 From Colin's love, and Chloe's hate,
 Where pity smoooth'd the liquid line,
 To maddening Phædra's dreadful fate,
 And the sad tale of Thebes divine;
 Where elegance and strength combin'd
 To ravish and astound the mind
 With strains like those that charm'd th' Athenian
 throng,
 When the full chorus rose to all the power of song.

E P O D E I.

O yet proceed! and when to Cam's flow stream
 (Haunt of the sacred nine) thy steps retire,
 Cherish with growing care th' harmonious theme,
 And, born to wield it, reverence the lyre;
 For, echoing from its tuneful strings;
 Love, pleasure, knowledge, virtue springs,
 All that can polish, can refine,
 And raise the human nature to divine.
 Yet not to Melody for aye confin'd,——
 An hour will come when the lov'd lyre must rest,
 When other cares shall occupy the mind,
 And other passions agitate the breast;

* Harrow Exercisa.

The

The patriot's fire, the poet's warmth controul,
And thy dear country's love monopolize thy soul.

S T R O P H E II.

From court's remov'd,
What tho' thy ancestors have fought
The calm, unruffled hour they lov'd,
In the lone vale and silent grot ;
And pomp, and power, unenvying, view'd
From their hereditary seat ;
Where, well content with being good,
They left to others to be great !
Yet thou, for active virtue form'd,
And nobly warm'd,
By Heaven's own fire,
Should'st to more gen'ral praise aspire ;
Their worth, their merits, were to few confin'd,
Let thine diffusive spread, and comprehend mankind.
Blest youth ! whose retrospective eye,
Thro' the long annals of his race,
Can no inherent stain espy
To tinge with shame his glowing face !
For still each fire his offspring's breast
With every gen'rous passion fraught,
While his own life more deep impress'd
The blameless lore his precepts taught.

Thus

Thus ages saw, from son to son,
Th' hereditary virtues run,
Truth, justice, honour, flourish round their feat,
And sanctify repose, and make retirement great.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And yet not all
Reclin'd serene amidst alarms;
There were, who, at their country's call,
Sprang lightly forth, and rush'd to arms.
O bring the bay! the poplar bring,
That bends o'er Deva's winding wave!
Bring every flower that paints the spring,
To deck that * honest Patriot's grave;
Who, when a Priest-rid bigot † strove
To tower above
The reach of laws,
And woo'd him to support his cause
With titles, honours,—spurn'd the alluring bait,
Blind to the tyrant's smile, and reckless of his
threat.
Ye hallow'd! ye harmonious choir!
That chaunt the Chiefs, the Patriot's praise,
The meanest of your sons inspire
To blaze his worth in noblest lays:

* See the Baronetage of England.

† James the Second.

And

And thou, illustrious Shade, receive,
 Tho' late, this tributary line,
 So may thy name for ever live,
 And growing honours grace thy shrine ;
 So, while thy bright examples fire,
 May he, for whom I wake the lyre,
 With dauntless voice assert his country's right,
 By flattery uneduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

E P O D E II.

Yes, Belgrave, soon, O ! soon shalt thou appear,
 Out-stripping cautious Time's too tedious pace ;
 E'en now I see thee first in Fame's career,
 And pant from far thy arduous paths to trace :
 I see thee guard the general weal
 From factious power, from frantic zeal,
 See thee support, yet watch, the throne,
 And in the people's freedom seek thy own.
 While you, thrice happy sire, from Eaton's * bowers
 ('Midst whose paternal shades you joy to spend,
 In calm repose, life's best and dearest hours)
 Shall hear his praise on every side ascend ;
 And, while your steady judgment owns his claim,
 Rejoice in his applause, and triumph in his fame.

* The Seat of the Earl Grosvenor in Cheshire.

* A TENEMENT TO BE LET.

BY ***** ESQ.

O YEZ! This is, that all may learn,
Whom it may happen to concern,
To any lady, not a wife,
Upon a lease, to last for life,
By auction will be let this day,
And enter'd on some time in May,
A vacant heart; not ornamented
On plans by Chesterfield invented,
A plain, old-fashion'd habitation,
Substantial without decoration,
Large, and with room for friends to spare;
Well-situate, and in good repair.

Also the furniture; as sighs,
Hopes, fears, oaths, pray'rs, and some few—lies,
Odes, sonnets, elegies, and songs,
With all, that to th' above belongs.

Also,—what some might have been glad
Tho' in a separate lot to have had,—
A good rich soil of hopeful nature,
Six measur'd acres (feet) of stature.

* These verses, with many similar advertisements in prose,
were spoken at a private *Maquerade*, in the character of a
Town-cryer.

Likewise

Likewise, another lot — an heap
 Of tatter'd modesty, quite cheap.
 This with the rest would have been sold;
 But that by several we were told,
 If put up with the heart, the price
 Of that it much might prejudice.
 Note well; th' estate, if manag'd ably,
 May be improv'd considerably.
 Love is our money, to be paid
 Whenever entry shall be made;
 And therefore have we fix'd the day
 For entering, in the month of May.
 But if the buyer of the above,
 Can on the spot pay ready love,
 Hereby the owner makes profession,
 She instantly shall have possession,
 The highest bidder be the buyer.
 You may know further of THE CRYER.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

BY THE SAME.

WHY will my wanton maid enquire,
 How many kisses I desire?
 Go, count the conscious stars, that see
 How fond I nightly steal to thee;

Count

Count every beaming glare, that flies
 From those more radiant stars—thy eyes :
 Count every pant, that heaves thy breast,
 When to my panting bosom prest :
 Go, count the loves, that, ambush'd dwell
 In every dimple's rosy dell,
 Or, fluttering, play on frolic wings
 Through every tress that drops in rings :
 Count every charm of every kind,
 That decks thy face, thy form, thy mind ;
 Then, Leshia, nor till then enquire,
 How many kisses I desire.

• R O N D E A U.

BY THE SAME.

YOURS, Jenny, yours in every thought,
 At length this fickle heart is caught :
 This heart, that broke kind Kitty's chain ;
 Tho' studious to prevent my pain,

* This is the only *legitimate* Rondeau, in the language. It was written at the request of a friend to exemplify the system of rhymes, the division of stanzas, and the laws of the return, according to the practice of Voiture, and the other French writers, who have most excelled in this laborious kind of trifling.

What

What you deny, she gave unfought.
 And, if to my embrace were brought
 She, for whom Greece, and Ilion fought,
 Ev'n her for you would I disdain,
 Yours, Jenny, yours!

Then meet my passion, as you ought;
 Nor aim, in vain coquetry taught,
 By coy, caprice to fix your reign,
 If I whole months must sue, to gain
 What can in every street be bought;
 Yours, Jenny, yours!

S O N N E T,

ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

BY THE SAME.

NOW from the orient o'er the laughing earth
 The sun obliquely darts his ruddy ray,
 And in unclouded glory leads the day,
 That first auspicious dawn'd upon my birth:

Yet not with songs of joy, and festive mirth
 Can I this rising day salute, as they,
 Who, when they turn their actions to survey,
 With every added year see added worth.

Me,

Me, as my noon of manhood hastens on,
 Fierce and more fierce, the heats of passion burn
 In vain with many a fleeting cloud o'ercast ;
 For soon the transitory gloom is gone,
 And soon forth-breaking bright, those heats return,
 Till the cool eve of westering age to last.

S O N N E T.

TO MRS. H. ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

BY THE SAME.

FIERCE are the pangs, that rend the tortur'd frame,
 When from the lab'ring womb, th' encreasing
 throes
 To life at length the struggling birth disclose :
 To woman such the doom eternal came.

But who the counsels of th' all-wise shall blame ?
 From pleasure pain, from pain too pleasure flows.
 And now the joy, which in thy bosom glows,
 Fix'd on that infant-form, thy eyes proclaim.

O may that joy the test of years abide ;
 May never Siren vices flattering strain,
 Turn him from Virtue's steady course aside !

May

May he with pious hand thy age sustain,
Like * her, who now in beauty's opening pride
With ready duty cheers this hour of pain.

S O N N E T.

WRITTEN AT _____ IN HAMPSHIRE.

BY THE SAME.

AS Nature fondly view'd with conscious pride
This airy brow, with waving forests crown'd,
Th' expanse of varied green, and hills, that
bound

The rich domain, "Mine be the praise," she cried.

"Not thine alone, my sister," Art replied:

"I cloath'd in livelier green the various ground;

"And here with circling woods this brow em-
brown'd,

"There spotted with thin shade yon mountain's
side."

"Yes;" Nature said; "with thee that praise I share;

"View then this beauty where alone I reign;

"Where Art has added, and can add no grace."

* A daughter of Mrs. H. since married to an Officer, now in
the East Indies.

Her

Her haughty rival with the insulting air
Of mockery turn'd ; but, when upon the plait
She saw * Selina, blushing, veil'd her face.

S O N N E T.

WRITTEN AT THE SAME PLACE ON THE BIRTH
OF TWINS.

BY THE SAME.

○ SPRUNG of virtuous, and of gentle race !
Sweet buds of infancy, whose secret roots
Together spread their inter-mingled shoots,
Though now ye branch dis sever'd from th' em-
brace !

As now the bloom unfolding on the face
With fond presage my friendly muse salutes,
So may your minds too blossom ; may the fruits
Of wife and good your riper season grace !

O brothers, whom, as yet unborn ye lay,
Nature united ! may no treacherous wiles
Of foes divide you, no domestic strife.

* Wife of the Gentleman, whose feat is the subject of the sonnet.

Strive

Strive only, which shall best with love repay
Her love, who fondly gazing on your smiles;
Forgets in joy the pangs, that gave you life.

S O N N E T.

TO THE R. FAMILY OF BRISTOL.

BY THE SAME.

PEACE to this roof! Nor can the wish be vain,
Where choice approves, whom nature bade be
 dear;
Where Filial Duty builds on love her fear,
And Pow'r Paternal on the will his reign.

Peace to the bosoms of this virgin train!
When Love from Mary's lute laments, no tear
Tell ever, that ye know those pangs severe;
No sigh breathe discord on your mingled strain.

Live happy you. I (such tho' imperious law
Of strong necessity) for that repose,
Which here my pray'rs divide, in vain must pine:

For in th' unsocial cloyster doom'd to draw
My lingering days, while yet this bosom glows
With youthful ardour, how can peace be mine?

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY THE SAME.

YE gales, that gently fan the smiling sky,
And, stealing from the flow'rs their odorous dew
With wiles of wanton blandishment, diffuse
The gather'd show'r of fragrance, as ye fly;

Ye verdant vales, and streams, that murmur by,
Fit haunts, which amorous Sorrow well might
chuse,
Who bade your conscious echoes to my muse
Each whisper'd hope, each falter'd fear reply:

Those conscious echoes I no more to tales
Of woe shall wake; since o'er my manlier mind
Firm reason holds again her calm controul.

Yet, tho' no more to lonely grief resign'd
I wander here to weep; not less my soul
This cool, this murmur loves, these verdant vales.

O D E

TO A WESTMINSTER JUSTICE ON HIS LEAVING
OFF HIS WIG.

BY THE SAME.

Wig Coquitur.

I.

IF tho' a Justice, in your mind
Soft pity yet a place can find,
 With pity soothe my sorrow :
Your faithful servant late was I :
And, did my pride aspire so high,
 The name of friend might borrow.

II.

Think, when your worship fate to prove
His guilt, whom hunger, or whom love
 Prick'd forth to rob, or ravish ;
How gravely wise I look'd, and big,
Scarce envying e'en a judge's wig
 Of curls and powder lavish !

III. How,

III.

How, * when the conscious door was lock'd;
 When at your breast the charmer cock'd
 Her pistol unexpected;
 Secure myself, alarm'd for you,
 As if upon your head I grew;
 Each bristle I erected!

IV.

When claret gave these cares repose,
 † Sleek as the wisdom on your nose
 I shone; and claim some merit,
 That rais'd behind, and leering fly
 In arch disorder o'er one eye,
 I gave each glance new spirit.

V.

But 'tis to please the fair, you say,
 That I am thrown, despis'd, away:

* The adventure here intimated, actually happen'd as his
 Worship, in his care of the police, was making *private search one*
evening, at the lodgings of a Marybone impure.

† When the jovial claret flows,
 And *wisdom shines upon the nose*, &c.

Old Catch.

"Your

“ Your hair will look far sprucer.”
 And hope you yet the fair to please ?
 Think, ere you form designs, like these,
 ‡ Scarce half a tail have you, Sir.

VI.

Yet if the cruel doom be seal'd,
 O! destine not these locks to yield
 To moths and mice attacking ;
 If I no more your head must grace,
 To adorn your feet be now my place,
 Ally of brush and blacking.

‡ I have not been able to learn whether there be any particular allusion in this line : but I have sometimes suspected, that his worship may, perhaps, bear some secret resemblance either to Aguiari or G. S——n. For the history of the latter, see the criticisms on the Rolliad, No. 10.

FINIS.

I M I T A T I O N

•

H O R A C E.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE

L A D Y M I L L A R.

BY THE SAME.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE LADY MILLAR.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHY with so many sprigs bestow'd
Nor simple tale, or simpler ode
 Young S——— will you ruin ?
For, Millar, that at Bath he stays,
Since Henderson no longer plays,
 Must surely be your doing.

II.

Why up the hill no more toils he,
Patient of dust, from Pullen's tree
 To bid the sun good-morrow ?
Or breathing rage against the flanks
Of Jackson's steeds, or thine, O Franks,
 Calls in my whip to borrow ?

III. No

HORACE, ODE VIII. B. I.

LYDIA, dic, per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin
Cur properas amando
Perdere? Cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens
Pulveris atque solis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales equitat,
Gallica nec lupatis

C 4

Temperat

III.

No more, the fultry day to cool,
 The buoyant waters of Stump-pool
 He cleaves with sportive vigour,
 While on their idle rakes up-stay'd
 Each red-nos'd crone, and red-arm'd maid,
 Stand giggling at his figure.

IV.

No more, at crazy Shandy-hall,
 Black to the wrists with ink and gall
 In easy chair I catch him ;
 Him, who so late for wit renown'd,
 Hurl'd Puns and Epigrams around,
 That not all Queen's could match him.

V.

Thus great Achilles once, we find,
 The manners of the man resign'd,
 Could with the ladies tattle ;
 And quite content to prove his might
 To lovely Deidame at night,
 Dream'd of no bloodier battle.

LOVE

Temperat ora frenis ?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim
Tangere ? Cur olivum.

Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitet, neque jam
Livida gustat armis

Brachia, sæpè disco,
Sæpè trans finem jaculo
Nobilis expedito ?

Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filiū dicunt Thetidos
Sub lacrymosa Trojæ.

Funera ; ne virilis
Cultus in cædem, & Lycias
Proriperet, catervas ?

LOVE ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

Now sunk in dumb dependence on the thorn,
 Where nightly perch'd she pours her solemn lay,
 Sad Philomel beholds the gradual morn,
 Bright and yet brighter, kindle into day.

Sweet child of sorrow ! with regret, like thine,
 I too yon gold, that skirts the dapple, see :
 No joy the gleams, that now more ruddy shine,
 Dear as the joy, that flies them, bring to me.

Yet then again, ye slumbers, o'er my eyes
 Descending, soothe my troubled soul to rest ;
 And yet again, ye pleasing visions, rise,
 In all my Delia's gentler graces drest.

And tho' through every semblance ye can range,
 Well might ye chuse my Delia's form to wear ;
 Secure, that to no lovelier ye can change,
 No mein more graceful, and no face more fair.

In vain I call : obedient to my will,
 No visions rise, no slumbers o'er me creep.
 And now in glory from yon eastern hill
 The sun ascending bids me wake to weep.

Ah !

Ah ! gentle sun !—So will I blefs thy beams,
 Tho' thy return but grief returning brings—
 With cautious reverence steal, where hovering streams
 O'er Delia's pillow wave their busy wings.

O ! could I stand with trembling duty nigh
 To guard, and guarding gaze upon the maid,
 No ruder ray should there intrude, no fly
 With murmuring error her repose invade.

And if, while thus I gaz'd, upon her cheek
 One smile of haughty scorn should haply dawn ;
 And if one amorous sigh should haply break,
 Deep from th' involuntary bosom drawn :

Now, would I cry, she proudly feigns to smile
 While at her feet I seem my suit to press ;
 Now ill conceal'd by many a female wife
 Her mutual love those amorous sighs confess.

And can I thus the flattering tale believe,
 Which hope, too ready, whispers in my ear ?
 And can I thus this simple heart deceive,
 That still my Delia holds my memory dear ?

She now can wander in the conscious grove,
 Nor think, how there I wander'd by her side ;
 In dreams her fancy now can freely rove,
 Nor hear me talk, nor see my image glide.

Yet be she false; her falshood shall but show,
 How fix'd the firm foundation of my truth.
 For her alone I nurse perpetual woe;
 For her, in silence drooping, waste my youth.

For her, where lingering on in many a maze
 Their humid train the waves of Isis wreath,
 The tuneful sorrows of these tender lays,
 With many a hope, and many a fear, I breathe;

And oft the while, my head in grief declin'd
 Wishful I raise to watch the journeying sun;
 Sigh as I mark the distance yet behind,
 And bid his westering wheels more swiftly run.

Then fondly kind in visionary charms
 Propitious night my Delia may restore;
 Then I again may fold her in these arms;
 —O be the vision true!—I ask no more.

A POETICAL EPISTLE (MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL) FROM AN OFFICER AT OTAHEITE.

TO LADY GROSVENOR.

CAN I forget the beauteous Emma's charms,
The soft Elysium of her circling arms;
The wanton jirk of those elastick hips,
Which made the *ermin'd sages* lick their lips,
When the false Countess (a) painted all she saw,
And the press'd couch became the sport of law?

My Emma, come, O grace these smiling plains,
Where love unbounded fires the raptur'd swains;
Where thrilling lovers feel, but to be blest,
And extacy entrances them to rest.
Here kiss meets kiss ere from the lips it part,
And love's warm tide flows mutual from the heart. (b)
Lo here, whence frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for his fiercest fires;
The throbbing virgin loses ev'ry fear,
Venus alone absolves her frailties here.

(a) Countess D'——ff. Vide Trial.

(b) Eloisa to Abelard.

At

At ten years old, she feels th' instinctive itch,
 And the glad mother straight *tattows* (c) her breech ;
 Curve above curve (d), the splendid arches rise,
 Like the bright bow that gilds the sunny skies :
 Doubtless, design'd on the same gracious plan,
A Sign of Peace, a Covenant with man !
 Then joy illumines her with all-cheering beams,
 Unerring instinct prompts her golden dreams ;

(c) " Mr. Banks saw the operation of *tattooing* performed upon the backside of a girl about thirteen years old. The instrument used upon this occasion had thirty teeth, and every stroke, of which at least a hundred were made in a minute, drew an ichor or serum, a little tinged with blood. Mr. Banks staid in a neighbouring house an hour, and the operation was not over when he went away ; yet it was performed but upon one side, the other having been done some time before ; and the arches upon the loins, in which they most pride themselves, and which gave more pain than all the rest, were still to be done."

Hawkes. Voyag. vol. ii. p. 190.

(d) " The part on which these ornaments are lavished with the greatest profusion, is the breech : this, in both sexes, is covered with a deep black ; above which, arches are drawn one over another, as high as the short ribs. They are often a quarter of an inch broad, and the edges are not strait lines, but indented. These arches are their pride, and are shewn both by men and women with a mixture of ostentation and pleasure ; whether as an ornament, or a proof of their fortitude and resolution in bearing pain, we could not determine."

Hawkes. Voyag. vol. ii. p. 190.

Experienc'd

Experienc'd dames then lead the smiling maid
To the kind covert of the plantain's shade.
Her bed, like Eve's (e), with choicest flowers bloom'd,
And hov'ring Cupids shed divine perfumes.
With tuckt-up shifts the fairest damsels sing,
The magick wonders of *Hans Carvel's* (f) ring (g) ;

(e) So said he, and forbore not glance nor toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire :
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shady bank
He led her nothing loth ; flowers were the couch,
Pansies and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's softest, freshest lap.

Paradise Lost.

(f) Prior.

(g) " Friday, May 12, was distinguished by a visit from some Ladies. Having laid some pieces of cloth on the ground, the foremost of the women, who appeared to be the principal, and who was called Oorattoa, stepped upon them, and taking up her garments all round her to the waist, turned about three times with great composure and deliberation : when this was done, she dropped the veil, and stepping off the cloth, three pieces more were laid; and she repeated the ceremony. The three last were laid, and the ceremony was repeated the third time, in the same manner."

Hawke'sworth, vol. ii. p. 125.

Their

Their brilliant bums in rapid (*b*) circles seen,
 With dazzling lustre shine, *before the Queen* ;
 So bearded comets fiery courses run,
 And their tails (*i*) blaze, as they approach the Sun.
 The virgin's eyes in light luxuriant swim,
 Her mantling blood glows thro' each wanton limb.
 A youth impatient (*k*) clasps the beauteous prize,
 Lusty and brown (almost your Ch—ly's size).

(*b*) " This singular and surprising velocity of their posteriors is esteemed a mark of the highest respect and loyalty, and is solely appropriated to the Sovereign. This is the *royal salute* at Otaheite, which we distinguish by firing *twenty-one* guns." *Extract of a private letter from the Chaplain.*"

(*i*) " Comets before they have been considerably heated in the neighbourhood of the Sun, scarcely project a tail to make them remarkable: but after they have been well heated in their *Péribation*, then they send forth a large, shining, fiery tail."

Keil's Astronomy.

(*k*) " A young man, near six feet high, performed the rites of Venus with a little girl about eleven or twelve years of age, before several of our people, and a great number of the natives, without the least sense of its being indecent or improper, but, as appeared, in perfect conformity to the custom of the place. Among the spectators were several women of superior rank, particularly Oberea, who may properly be said to have assisted at the ceremony; for they gave instructions to the girl how to perform her part, which, young as she was, she did not seem much to stand in need of."

Hawkes's Voyag. vol. ii. p. 128.

Their

Their pantomime describes an *Astral frisk* (1),
 And shews how Venus rides the *Solar* disk ;
 Our wond'ring sages with one voice agree,
 " This is the *Transit* (m) we came here to see."
 Whilst o'er the rites the Queen herself presides,
 And, in mild accents, Otheothea guides.
 " Now fondly kiss, in wanton folds entwine ;
 " To swell his bliss, let every nerve combine ;

(1) " It afforded me much matter for serious contemplation, when I considered, that the transit of Venus, and this extraordinary ceremony happened on the same day. I was hence led to conjecture, that it was designed as a religious festival, to represent the immersion, emersion, external and internal contacts of Venus on the Sun. The *inverse* rule of performance which was adopted on this occasion, the more accurately to delineate the celestial phenomenon, first suggested the hint ; and I am since happy to find I was right. Altogether, it was certainly delectable ; and I could not help after repeating this beautiful and expressive mockish distich : "

" In viridi prato, monialem ludere vidi
 " Cum monacho leviter, ille *sub*, illa *super*."

Extract of a private letter from the Chaplain.

(m) " The first internal contact of the planet, with the Sun, being over, Mr. Banks returned to the observatory, taking Tarras, Nuns, and some of their principal attendants, among whom were three very handsome young women with him, he shewed them the planet upon the Sun, and endeavoured to persuade them, that he and his companions had come from their own country on purpose to see it."

Hawke's worth, v. ii. p. 140.

" See

“ See his lips tremble, and his eye-balls roll,
 “ Suck the last breath, and catch his flying soul.”
 The nymph obeys, in speechless transports drown’d,
 Whilst sympathetic tremors float around,
Metee Attira (n)! murmurs every lass,
 And thousands fall, extended on the grass.

O blest employment of a Sov’reign’s time,
 How seldom seen in Europe’s barbarous clime!
 Let *Mouschin Pouschin* boast lewd Cath’rine’s skill,
 Let her profess the royal art to kill;
 Like Clytemnestra give her vengeance scope,
 Or teach her Russian bears to climb a rope:
 Combin’d with tyrants of congenial soul,
 Her savage russians rob the wretched *Pole*:
 Ev’n gen’rous Dantzic (o) feels the galling chain,
 Tho’ Commerce droop, and Freedom weep in vain.

The clime, my Emma, now with me survey
 Where southern isles a nobler race display;
 O’er flow’ry fields where sport the nymphs and
 swains,
 No dire Virago desolates the plains;

(n) Come kiss me!” Vide *Hawkefworth*.

(o) Let the reader consult those spirited productions in the case
 of liberty and humanity,—*The Letters from Poland*.

Here

Here Oberca's gentle virtues shine,
 She joys to glad the human face divine ;
 To ope the paths that lead to nature's bliss,
 And rule her subjects by a melting kiss :
 The honest Queen lusts not for fame or riches,
 But like a Queen recovers stolen breeches. (p)

O spread thy empire, Love, from shore to shore,
 Till wedlock cease, and cuckoldom's no more.
 Let sniv'ling wives and termagants be chaste,
 And rail at Ladies of my Grosvenor's taste ;
 For scandal, let them genial pleasures flight,
 Too cold for love, in slander they delight ;
 As chatt'ring magpies when their tongues are slit,
 Seem always prone to shew their ill-bred wit ;

(p) " Mr. Banks having such a safe-guard, resigned himself to sleep with all imaginable tranquillity : but awaking about eleven o'clock, and wanting to get up, he searched for his cloaths where he had seen them deposited by Oberca when he lay down to sleep, and soon perceived that they were missing. He immediately awakened Oberca, who starting up, and hearing his complaint, ordered lights, and prepared in great haste to recover what he had lost : Tootahah himself slept in the next canoe, and being soon alarmed, he came to them and set out with Oberca in search of the thief : Mr. Banks was not in a condition to go with them, for of his apparel scarce any thing was left him, not even his breeches."

Hawke'sworth's Voyag. vol. ii. 133.

Of rogue and bitch incessantly they rail,
 And the glib tongue moves swifter than the tail,
 Ye slanderous dames, who mischief spread and make,
 Go learn a lesson from the venom'd snake;
 Tho' in its tongue a subtle poison's found,
 Oil from its tail will medicate the wound.
 Let this false maxim henceforth be forgot,
 That female virtue's center'd in a spot (q):
 A thousand plumes the Woodcock's tail may boast,
 Tho' one white feather claim distinction most.

Perhaps, my Emma this strange story flights,
 Such public acts of Love's mysterious rites
 You disbelieve; but here no shame impress,
 Heaves with alarming throbs the female breast;
 Naked and smiling every nymph we see,
 Like Eve unapron'd, 'ere she robb'd the tree.
 A problem hence (r) Philosophers advance,
 Whether shame springs from nature or from chance.

The

(q) Neque sœmina, amissa pudicitia aliud abnuerit. *Tacitus.*

(r) "This incident is not mentioned as an object of idle curiosity, but as it deserves consideration in determining a question which has been long debated in philosophy; whether the shame attending certain actions, which are allowed on all sides to be in themselves innocent, is implanted in nature, or superinduced by custom? If it has its original in custom, it will, perhaps, be found difficult

to

The contest lasts; kept up by human pride;
 Where sages differ, how can I decide?
 Else should the Muse with nice precision speak,
 Why transient blushes crimson o'er the cheek.
 Of yielding maids; why shakes the tender frame,
 Why soft confusion fill their souls with shame,
 At certain acts; is it great Nature's voice,
 Or is it Custom?—Dubious is the choice.
 No; modest instinct proves *its* source divine,
 And bows our hearts at beauty's sacred shrine!
 Lest sensual passion should the mind entice,
 It starts, and shrinks at the first touch of vice;
 An emanation of celestial fire,
 Which purifies the heart, and checks desire.
 O'er bright Eliza beams attractive grace,
 When roseate blushes veil her lovely face:
 Even *distant hints* the sweet suffusion raise,
 As the hand's warmth makes phosphorus to blaze;
 Melting in raptures, modestly she'll glow,
 As cold increases in dissolving snow. (1)

to trace that custom, however general, to its source; if in instinct, it will be equally difficult to discover from what cause it is subdued, or at least, over-ruled among the people, in whose manners not the least trace of it is to be found." Vide *Hawkeſworth's Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 128.

(1) Snow, at the instant of melting, gives the most intense cold.

Pemberton's Chymistry, § 4.

How

How shall the Muse describe in flowing rhimes
 The dance lascivious (i) of these sportive climes,
 Which the young girls from infancy are taught,
 With gestures lewd beyond the reach of thought?
 What wanton motions vibrate ev'ry limb !
 Their sparkling eyes in humid languor swim :
 The *Timoredes*' (u) frolic songs conspire,
 To spread the blaze of love's contagious fire :

Exulting

(i) "In other countries, the girls and unmarried women are supposed to be wholly ignorant of what others upon some occasions may appear to know ; and their conduct and conversation are consequently restrained within narrower bounds, and kept at a more remote distance from whatever relates to a connection with the other sex ; but here, it is just contrary. Among other diversions, there is a dance, called *Timorodes*, which is performed by young girls, whenever eight or ten of them can be collected together, consisting of motions and gestures beyond imagination wanton, in the practice of which they are brought up from their earliest childhood, accompanied by words, which, if it were possible, would more implicitly convey the same ideas. In these dances they keep time with an exactness which is scarcely excelled by the best performers on the stages of Europe. But the practice which is allowed to the virgin, is prohibited to the woman, from the moment that she has put these hopeful lessons in practice, and realized the symbols of the dance." *Hawke's Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 206.

(u) Lady Wortley Montague, (who was reckoned no indifferent judge of such things) describes the sympathetic effect of a similar dance, in a very pretty manner. "The dance, says her Lady-

Exulting virgins to *these lifts advance,*
Till practice realise the *typic dance.*

What gold can purchase such celestial charms,
What bribes can tempt such beauty to our arms,
You fain would know ? Hear then the wond'rous tale,
Let this great truth o'er prejudice prevail.
With nails (w) we traffic for the blooming maid,
And the ship's planks supply the dangerous trade,
At

ship, was very different from what I had seen before; nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft; the motions so languishing, accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive, the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth, could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoken of.*" *Letter xxxiii.*

(w) " While our people were on shore, several young women were permitted to cross the river, who, though they were not averse to the granting of personal favours, knew the value of them too well not to stipulate for a consideration: the price, indeed, was not great, yet it was such as our men were not always able to pay, and under this temptation they stole nails, and other iron from the ship. The nails that we brought for traffic were not always in their reach, and therefore they drew several out of different parts of the vessel, particularly those that fastened the eleats to the ship's side. This was productive of a double mischief, damage to the ship, and a considerable rise at market: when

At last the fair ones see with strange surprize,
 Some nails produc'd of more than common size;
 The happy females with this treasure grac'd,
 Display their triumph, and our coin's debas'd.
 In vain we sue, the Nymphs comply no more,
 "Give us large nails," re-echoes from the shore.

This race benign, (*) who know not abject fear,
 With vig'rous arm discharge the pointed spear;
 With dext'rous aim the barbed arrow wing,
 Or send the stone impetuous from the sling.
 Bold in the lists, and active in the chase,
 There well turn'd limbs strength's vigorous sinews
 brace:

when Mr. Banks and the Chaplain offered, as usual, small nails, the natives refused to take them, and produced *large spikes*, intimating that they expected such nails as these." *Hawkeſworth*, vol. i.

(*) "Their deportment is liberal, and their behaviour to strangers and to each other affable and courteous. In their dispositions, also, they seemed to be brave, open, and candid, without either suspicion or treachery, cruelty or revenge; so that we placed the same confidence in them as in our best friends, many of us, particularly Mr. Banks, sleeping frequently in their houses in the woods, without a companion, and consequently wholly in their power." Vide *Hawkeſworth*, vol. ii. page 188.

They

They ride the billows, from the deep emerge, (y)
 Breast the proud wave, nor dread the foaming surge:
 In their canoes, (a) our floating forts defy,
 Nor from the thunder of our cannon fly.

Beauty

(y) In our way we came to one of the few places, where access to the island is not guarded by a reef, and, consequently, a high surf breaks upon the shore; a more dreadful one indeed I had seldom seen; it was impossible for any European boat to have lived in it; and if the best swimmer in Europe had, by any accident, been exposed to its fury, I am confident that he would not have been able to preserve himself from drowning, especially as the shore was covered with pebbles and large stones; yet, in the midst of these breakers, were ten or twelve Indians swimming for their amusement: whenever a surf broke near them, they dived under it, and to all appearance, with infinite facility, rose again on the other side. *Hawkes, Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 135.

(a) As an attack was now begun, in which our arms only could render us superior to the multitude that assailed us, especially as great part of the ship's company was in a sick and feeble condition, I ordered the guard to fire; two of the quarter-deck guns which I had loaded with small shot, were also fired nearly at the same time, and the Indians appeared to be thrown into some confusion: in a few minutes, however, they renewed the attack, and all our people that were able to come upon deck, having by this time got to their quarters, I ordered them to fire the great guns, and to play some of them constantly at a place on shore, where a great number of canoes were still taking in men, and pushing off towards the ship with the utmost expedition. When the great guns began to fire, there were not less than three hundred canoes about the ship, hav-

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D

ing

Beauty and valour here have fix'd their throne;
 —Shall Europe's spoilers call this isle their own?
 May Heav'n and Britain shield the gen'rous race,
 Nor tyranny their manly souls debase,

ing on board, at least, two thousand men; many thousands were also upon the shore, and more canoes coming from every quarter: the firing, however, soon drove away the canoes that were about the ship, and put a stop to the coming off of others. As soon as I saw some of them retreating, and the rest quiet, I ordered the firing to cease, hoping that they were sufficiently convinced of our superiority, not to renew the contest. In this, however, I was unhappily mistaken: a great number of the canoes that had been dispersed, soon drew together again, and lay some time on their paddles, looking at the ship from the distance of about a quarter of a mile, and then suddenly hoisting white streamers, pulled towards the ship's stern, and began again to throw stones, with great force and dexterity, by the help of slings, from a considerable distance; each of these stones weighed about two pounds, and many of them wounded the people on board, who would have suffered much more, if an awning had not been spread over the whole deck to keep out the sun, and the hammocks placed in the nettings. At the same time several canoes well manned, were making towards the ship's bow; having probably taken notice that no shot had been fired from this part: I therefore ordered some guns forward, to be well pointed and fired at these canoes; at the same time running out two guns abaft, and pointing them well at the canoes that were making the attack.

Hawke's Voyage, vol. i. p. 125.

No eastern plund'ers spread oppression's gloom,
 Nor check the labours of the chearful loom; (b)
 From Leadenhall, waft *famine*, blood and strife, (c)
 And rob the produce of the " tree of life (d)."
 O Liberty ! Britannia's guardian pow'r,
 Thy influence shed at this auspicious hour :
 Tho' gath'ring clouds, the thunder storm presage,
Draw down the light'ning, 'ere it burst in rage.

(b) In proportion, as an unfortunate people become less able to bear the established taxation, the modes of collecting it becomes more oppressive. Seven entire battalions were added to our military establishment to enforce the collections. The new force became an enormous expence to the company; and the unnatural pressure on the people raised the price of provision. The manufacturers to be able to purchase *bread*, shewed an inclination to raise the price of *their goods*. The prices must be *kept down*, but this could not be done without *violence*. Provisions became dearer, and the demand for goods encreased. *Dow.*

(c) The civil wars to which a violent desire of creating Nabob's gave rise, were attended with tragical events. The country was depopulated by every species of distress. In the space of *six years*, half the great cities of an opulent kingdom were rendered desolate; the most fertile fields in the world lay waste: and *six millions* of harmless and industrious people were either expelled or destroyed. Want of foresight became more fatal than innate barbarism; and men found themselves wading through blood and ruin, when their object was only spoil. *Dow's Inquiry into the State of Bengal.*

(d) The bread-tree.

Preserve this land, 'midst servile nations, free,
 (" This precious stone set in the silver sea,") (e)
 A land where patriots felt thy genuine flame,
 Which boasts a Ruffel's, Sidney's, Hampden's name !
 Illustrious chiefs, who thy own sword could wield,
 And wave thy banner in war's bloody field :
 Strike kings, and priests, and servile peers with awe,
 To them we owe our Brunsvics and Nassau !
 Thy voice divine did Milton's self inspire,
 He tun'd thy precepts to his golden lyre.
 'Midst cringing courtiers, honest Marvel writ ;
 Even (f) mitred dullness felt his poignant wit !
 Inspir'd by thee, ingenuous Thomson sung,
 When Chatham's (g) fame flow'd from his *president*
 tongue,

Behold

(e) Shakespeare. — *Richard II.*

(f) Doctor Parker, Bishop of Oxford. — See *Rehearsal* transposed.

(g) And there, O Pit, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that * *Temple* where in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name,
 ————— Gay fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of *attic land*;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth

* The Temple of Virtue, in Stowe Gardens.

Of

Behold *thy* (b) fav'rite joins the sacred band,
 Alcæus' lyre shines graceful in his hand !
 Our rural patriots hear his attic lays, (i)
 And blend *thy* poet's with their Townshend's
 praise. (b)

Flay

Of Nature, or, the unimpassioned shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.

***** O through her strain

Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal, th' indignant light'ning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.

Autumn first published in 1730.

(b) Doctor Akenfide.

(i) See his Ode to the Country Gentleman at England, 1758.

" Whether is Europe's ancient spirit fled ?

Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,

Who from the warrior bow, the strong dart sped ;

Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore ?

Freeman and soldier was their common name,

Who late with reapers to the furrow came ;

Now in the front of battle charged the foe ;

Who taught the steer the wintry plough to indure,

Now in full councils check'd encroaching power

And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

(k) The strenuous, spirited, and successful efforts of Lord
 Townshend, and his brother Mr. Charles Townshend, to establish
 a constitutional militia, are well known to the public.

Of human bliss, alas, how short the date !
 For ever changing, man's precarious state !
 Our rivals once exulted in this isle,
 Where Venus revels, and the graces smile ;
 In tinsel'd splendor led the festive dance,
 And taught kind girls the cotillons of France ;
 To drums and flutes (*p*) in sportive cadence move,
 And give a loose to all the joys of love :

(*p*) Their only musical instruments are flutes and drums ; the flutes are made of a hollow bamboo about a foot long, and, as has been observed before, have only two stops, and consequently but four notes, out of which they seem hitherto to have formed but one tune ; to these stops they apply the fore finger of the left hand and the middle finger of the right.

The drum is made of a hollow block of wood, of a cylindrical form, solid at one end, and covered at the other with shark's skin ; these they beat not with sticks, but their hands ; and they know how to tune two drums of different notes into concord. They have also an expedient to bring the flutes that play together into unison, which is to roll up a leaf so as to slip over the end of the shortest, like our sliding tubes for telescopes, which they move up or down till the purpose is answered, of which they seem to judge by their ear with great nicety.

To these instruments they sing ; and, as I have observed before, their songs are often extempore : they call every two verses or couplet of a song, *Pebay* ; they are general'y, though not always in rhyme ; and when pronounced by the natives, we could discover that they were metre. *Hawke'sworth's Voyages*, vol. iii. p. 204.

Till poison'd raptures propagate dire pains,
 And dart pollution thro' the tingling veins :
 The unwary nymphs to spread the pest conspire,
 Which shoots as rapid as electrick fire.
 Thro' breathing flutes no more soft music flows,
 The snuffling minstrel (*q*) weeps his *fallen* nose :
 Whilst muffled drums a mournful dirge rebound,
 And thro' the island waft a fearful sound.
Preventive Hanny, haste, O haste away,
 Thy grand specifick to my friends convey ;
 With this eulogium be thy virtue crown'd,
 " A Frenchman gave (*r*), a Briton heal'd the wound."

Still

(*q*) Tootahah gave us a specimen of the music of this country ; four persons performed upon flutes which had only two stops, and therefore could not sound more than four notes, by half tones : they were sounded like our German flutes, except that the performer, instead of applying it to his mouth, blew into it with one nostril, while he stopped the other with his thumb : to these instruments four other persons sung, and kept very good time ; but only one tune was played during the whole concert.

(*r*) Their commerce with the inhabitants of Europe has however, already entailed upon them that dreadful curse which avenged the inhumanities committed by the Spaniards in America, the venereal disease. As it is certain that no European vessel besides our own, except the *Dolphin*, and the two that were under the command of *Monf. Bougainville*, ever visited this island, it must have been brought either by one of them or by us. That it was not

Still must I fing the lewd promiscuous joy,
Which boundless reigns admidst their *Arreys*, (s)
Can

brought by the Dolphin, Captain [Wallis has demonstrated in the account of her voyage, [vol. I. p. 489, 490.] and nothing is more certain than that when we arrived, it had made most dreadful ravages in the island. One of our people contracted it within five days after we went on shore, and by the enquiries among the natives, which this occasioned, we learnt, when we came to understand a little of their language, that it had been brought by the vessels which had been there about fifteen months before us, and had lain on the east side of the island. They distinguished it by a name of the same import with *rottenness*, but of a more extensive signification, and described, in the most pathetic terms, the sufferings of the first victims to its rage, and told us that it caused the hair and nails to fall off, and the flesh to rot from the bones; that it spread a universal terror and consternation among them.

Harukefworth's Voyages, vol. ii. p. 232.

(s) " These societies are distinguished by the name of *Arreys*; and the members have meetings, at which no other is present, where the men amuse themselves by wrestling, and the women, notwithstanding their occasional connection with different men, dance the Timorodee in all its latitude, as an incitement to desires which it is said are frequently gratified upon the spot. This, however, is comparatively nothing. If any of the women happen to be with child, which in this manner of life happens less frequently than if they were to cohabit only with one man, the poor infant is smothered the moment it is born, that it may be no incumbrance to the father,

Can the fond mother act Medea's part ?
 Can she expose the darling of her heart ?
 Without a tear, her infant cherub doom,
 And stab the smiling offspring of her womb ?
 O sad effect of passions unrestrained !
 O outrage dire of Nature's laws profan'd !
 From such black scenes the Muse indignant turns,
 Where lust deprav'd the mad'ning female burns.

Far

father, nor interrupt the mother in the pleasures of her diabolical prostitution. It sometimes, indeed happens, that the passion which prompts a woman to enter into this society, is surmounted when she becomes a mother, by that instinctive affection which Nature has given to all creatures for the preservation of their offspring ; but even in this case, she is not permitted to spare the life of her infant, except she can find a man who will patronize it as his child : if this can be done, the murder is prevented ; but both the man and woman, being deemed by this act to have appropriated each other, are ejected from the community, and forfeit all claim to the privileges and pleasures of Arréoy for the future ; the woman from that time being distinguished by the term *Wbannewow*, " bearer of children," which is here a term of reproach ; though none can be more honourable in the estimation of wisdom and humanity, of right, and every passion that distinguishes the man from the brute.

It is not fit that a practice so horrid and so strange should be imputed to human beings upon slight evidence, but I have such a abundantly justifies me in the account I have given. The people themselves are so far from concealing their connection with such a

Far different scenes in Britain's isle I see,
 Where in full splendour shines the *Coterie*;
 Their social orgies genial love admit,
 And brisk Champaign improves their sparkling wit.
 With *brighten'd crests* th' elected members stand,
 And population teems around the land;
 As thorn-trees by inoculation bear
 The juicy apple, and the luscious pear;
 So barren females, by a *strange* embrace,
 Yield to their Lords an unressembling race:
 Who joyous see the "*olive branches*" spread,
 And boast the *honours* of the nuptial bed.

society as a disgrace, that they boast of it as a privilege; and both myself and Mr. Banks, when particular persons have been pointed out to us as members of the *Arceoy*, have questioned them about it, and received the account that has been here given from their own lips. They have acknowledged, that they had long been of this accursed society, that they belonged to it at that time, and that several of their children had been put to death.

Hawkeſworth's Voyages, vol. ii. p. 207.

O D E,

ADDRESSED TO EDMOND MALONE, ESQ. ON HIS PRESUMING TO EXAMINE THE LEARNED AND UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENTS URGED BY JACOB BRYANT, ESQ. AND THE REV. DR. MILLES, IN SUPPORT OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF ROWLEY'S POEMS.

WH Y, Edmond, would you rashly thus
Attack the historian of old CHUS (a) ?

A mighty foe defy ?

Bryant, whose learned lot profound
Shows how the Flood dissolv'd the ground,
And when the mud grew dry (b).

(a) "The wonderful people to whom I allude were the descendants of CHUS, and called Cuthites and Cuscans." Bryant's *ANC. MYTHOL.* vol. I. Pref. p. 7.—'Upon the history of this people my system chiefly turns.' Vol. III. Pref. p. 6.

(b) According to this learned writer's calculation, several hundred years must have elapsed after the Deluge, before the mud was sufficiently consolidated for the march of the Cuthites; whose rout he has traced with so much accuracy, that the reader is tempted to believe he is reading the account of some old Cuscan quarter-master-general. See *ANC. MYTHOL.* vol. III. p. 24, 25, and compare Richardson's *DISSERTATION*; p. 400.

He

He paints the woes of the old Ark,
 How men and beasts, shut in the dark,
 For lamps alone must wish (c) ;
 And thence releas'd,—with semblance meet,
 How Noah, duck-like, got web-feet,
 And was the first man-fish (d).

He proves, though doubting Walpole carp,
 How Tubal's teeth grip'd the Jews-harp,
 And by a lucky stroke
 A tune divine from anvils drew ;
 The swains and maids to hear him flew,
 And danc'd to the *Black Joke*.

(c) " The Patriarch and his family were enclosed in an ark or covered float,—wherein was only one window of a cubit in dimensions. It was closed up, and fastened, so that the persons within were consigned to darkness, having no light but what must have been administered to them from lamps and torches." *ANC. MYTHOL.* vol. II. p. 195.

(d) " Noah was represented, as we may infer from Belofus, under the semblance of a fish by the Babylonians. Hyginus mentions from Eratosthenes, that the fish Notius was the father of mankind; *ex eo pisce natos homines*." *ANC. MYTHOL.* vol. II. p. 233. " Under the character of *the Man of the Sea*, whose name was Oannes, we have an allegorical representation of the great patriarch [Noah].—His whole body, it seems, was like that of a fish, and he had under the head of a fish another head, &c. and a delineation of him was to be seen at Babylon." *ANC. MYTHOL.* vol. III. p. 109.

He

He tells why men are brown or fair, (e)
 Why blacks have lank or woolly hair ;
 (No paradox he'll sham ;)
 From Chus derives the GOLDEN AGE, (f)
 Jephson can trace from Japhet's sage,
 Lord Bacon's line from HAM. (g)

With

(e) See the correspondence between Mr. Bryant and Mr. Granville Sharp, where this important point is settled to the satisfaction of the learned world. " I had always supposed that black men in general (says Mr. Sharp) were descended from Cush.—Can the Cushite (commonly rendered Ethiopian) change his skin ? Jeremiah, ch. xiii. ver. 23."—" You seem to think (says our profound Mythologist in his answer) that all who are of that very deep tint, which is observable in the natives upon the coast of Guinea, are the offspring of Chus.—All the inhabitants of this vast continent are assuredly the sons of Ham, but not equally descended from Chus ; for though his posterity was very dark, yet many of the collateral branches were of as deep a dye ; and Africa was peopled from Ham, by more families than one." " The negroes (he adds) are woolly headed, and so were some of the *Æthiopes* or *Cushim* ; but nothing can be inferred from this, for many of the latter had long hair. The Egyptians were *Crispi*, and had a tendency to woolly hair ; so that this circumstance cannot always be looked upon as a family characteristick."

(f) " The Golden Age of the poets took its rise from a mistake. What was termed *Γενεα Χρυσον* and *Χρυσον*, should have been expressed *Χυον* and *Χυον* ; for it relates to the same æra and history as the terms above mentioned ; to the age of Chus, and the domination of his sons." ANC. MYTHOL. vol. III. p. 163.

(g) Noah, as our learned mythologist has proved, was called
 Noas,

With holy zeal, wise Bryant, burn,
To sacred themes your genius turn ;—

You

Noas, Nous, and Nufus: from hence he has traced, with infinite acuteness, a relationship between him and almost every god and hero of antiquity, particularly those whose names end in *nus* or *nusius*: Dio-nufus, Satur-nus, Cro-nus, Ja-nus, Promethe-us, Sile-nus, Osiris, Poserdon, Zeus, Perseus, and Proteus, are very clearly proved to have been the patriarch Noah. In like manner, Argo and the Argonauts, Arcas, Arcadia, Arcadus, Acricus, Acropolis, Arctasius, Arecca, Erec, Argos, Argolis, and many more, are all very satisfactorily derived from ARCA, the Ark. See ARCA. MYTHOL. passim.

It has indeed been objected, that till the Latin comparatively a late language, no such word as *Arca* was known; the ark of Noah being written in Hebrew *Tibeb*, in the Chaldeic *Tibuca*, in the Syriac *Kibouta*, in the Arabic *Tabous*, and in the Septuagint *καβος*. But what staunch etymologist would attend to such petty cavils?

“Arcles, Arcelus, and Arcalus (says our learned author) by which the deity of the place was called, are all compounded of the same terms, Arca-El, five Arca Dei. From hence the Grecians and Romans denominated a personage, whom they stiled Heracles and Hercules. But the original was Arelus and Arcalus; and still more truly without the termination, Arca-el. It was not a name but a title, and given by the Sidonians and other people in the East to the principal person preserved in the deluge; and it signified the great ARCANIAN or ARKITE.” ANC. MYTHOL. vol. III. p. 507. With equal facility, Eudoreschus (“Euo-Ad-Arez-Chus”) is shown to have been old CHUS, and Cadmus to be ACHAD HAM, the Noble Lord HAM. Ibid. vol. II. p. 157.—

It

You can alone explain
 And prove to old Monbodd's conviction, (b)
 (Though sceptick Gibbon think it fiction)
 The Outangs sprung from Cain.

Is

It has been invidiously suggested, that our author took the hint of many of these derivations either from the sailors of Admiral Wason's fleet, who in the last war used always to call the Nabob *Sarajah Dowla*, Sir Roger Dowlas, or from Swift, who has shown *Andrew Mackie* to be the radix of *Andromache*; *Patrick Lees* of *Patroclus*; and *Busy Fellows* of *Bucephalus*: but there is so much originality in all this learned gentleman's works, that there is not the smallest ground for such a supposition.

When we consider the great ingenuity and learning that this writer has displayed in these etymologies, and in the *NEW SYSTEM* that he has founded upon them, which he describes to be—*the basis of history, the standard of criticism, and the guide to the studies of youth*, [ANC. MYTHOL. vol. III. Pref. p. 6, 7,] we cannot but admire at the tastelessness of a certain Oxonian, who, in an examination of this profound work, has retorted Mr. B's words on himself ["in good truth, if I may be allowed to speak freely, histories of this sort are very little superior to those of that respectable lady, Mother Goose,"] and has proposed, that, instead of a *New Analysis*, this wonderful performance should be hereafter entitled *A New Romance of Ancient Mythology*.

(b) Lord Monbodd, in his deep researches on the ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE, asserts, that "a whole NATION, if (he adds) I may call them so, has been found without the use of speech. This is the case of the *Ouran Outangs*."

&c.

In etymons profoundly skill'd,
 On this firm base your system build,
 No critick finds you tripping ;
 Great things, you know, from small arise,
 Newton's attraction rules the skies,
 The hint—a falling pippin.

Greek sophs and heroes still deride, (i)
 And show them by o'er-weening pride
 Inflated, like a bladder :
 Who reads your works can ne'er refuse
 To trace all science to the Jews,
 And mount on JACOB'S ladder.

Malone, you're petulant and vain,
 Shakespeare has turn'd your giddy brain,
 And Johnson scarce can cure you ;
 You'll live an exile from his wit,
 No more your notes will he admit,
 Nor STEEVENS now endure you.

Æc. vol. I. p. 174.—Mr. Bryant, however, has convinced his lordship, that the Ouran Outangs never can attain the use of speech; for the *mark* set on Cain having been a derangement of the organs of pronunciation, and the Ouran Outangs being lineally descended from that human monster (Vide Bryant), this mark, like the king's-evil, must for ever continue hereditary in his family.

(i) See ANC. MYTHOL. vol. I. Pref. p. 10, 11.

Young

Young Chatterton in vain you try
 To prove throughout "a living lye," (k)
 In verse and prose a Feign-all;
 Since, "*though* he walk'd the Bristol-Green,
 And ey'd the girls with roguish mien,"
 Milles says, "he ne'er was *venal*."

Proceed, sagacious Dean, and prove
 Venality and wanton love

(k) It is surprizing that a gentleman of Mr. M's good sense should undertake so hopeless a task as to prove the Bristol charity boy guilty of a poetical forgery. "My brother (says Mrs. Mary Newton) would frequently walk the College Green with the young girls that statelyly paraded there to shew their finery; but I really believe he was no *debaucher* (though some have reported it :) the dear unhappy boy had faults enough: I saw with concern he was proud and exceedingly imperious; but that of *venality* he could not be charged with." "It is highly incredible (says Dr. Milles, with irresistible force of argument, grounding himself on the foregoing passage) that he who was above *venality*, and so great a lover of truth, should make himself a *living lie*."—It has been suggested, that the context shows this lady meant by *Venality*, *Venerary* devotion to *Venus*. "Miserable obliquity of perverse insinuation!" (to use the expressive language of Mr. Burnaby Greene,) This is making the sister of one of the brightest geniuses that England has produced, a mere slip-slop.

The

The dame,—so nicely pair 'em ;
 So Worley's vagrant sports no more
 Shall tempt chaste wives to call her whore,
 And she—be pure as SARUM. (l)

The dame, your kindness to requite,
 You and old Bryant shall invite
 To an *auncient* feast and dainty ;
 With viper-broth shall fill your plates,
 Marrow, eringoes, quinces, dates,
 And sparrows' brains in plenty. (m)

A hart of Greece (n) shall load the board,
 Salacious food for dame or lord,

But

(l) The propriety of selecting this from all the other corrupt boroughs in England, (I speak with the greatest deference to the House of Commons, who have lately determined these to be the soundest parts of our constitution) will, I trust, not escape the Antiquarian reader ; it being distinguished by the appellation of *Old Sarum*. It has long been noted (even to a proverb) for its venality.

(m) Our early books of cookery, and many of our ancient comedies, furnish abundant proofs of the stimulating powers attributed in old times to the several articles provided by the *experienced* caterers for her antiquarian guests.

(n) The printed accounts of our ancient royal feasts, in which *Harts of Greece*, and *Capons of high Greece*, are frequently mentioned, have led some of our modern antiquaries into a strange mistake.

But *Capons* she can't bear ;—
 And Bryant sage, the feast to grace,
 His knife ROWLANA (e) shall uncase,
 With mythologick air.

Pindar's great rival, Greene (p), shall quit
 His malt, to aid the flow of wit,

And

take. Even the learned Dr. Percy supposes that *harts* of Greece were so called from their *graisse* or fatness ; and that *capons* of high Greece meant nothing more than capons *fat in an extraordinary degree*. But the Dean of Exeter has clearly shewn, in his Commentary on the Poems of Rowley, that a hart of Greece signifies a *Grecian hart* ; so that, as a very ingenious writer has observed, " a *capon* of high Greece must mean a capon made at Aulit, the loftiest promontory on the Eubæan Sea ; or on the Peloponnesian Mountain, Cyllene ; or at least at Goanesso or Enispe, whose turrets were exposed by their exalted situation to every blast of Winter."

(e) The weapons of our ancient heroes of Romance were usually distinguished by some appellation. Thus, Arthur's sword was called *Caliburne* ; Orlando's, *Durindana* ; Rinaldo's, *Fisburne* ; and Roger's, *Balisardo*. The celebrated knife of Mr. Shiercliffe, now in Mr. Bryant's possession, (of which a particular account may be found in that gentleman's *OBSERVATIONS ON ROWLEY'S POEMS*, p. 512) having done such execution in the field of argument, we have thought it not improper (following the illustrious precedents above-mentioned) to dignify it by a name.

(p) Mr. Edward Burnaby Greene, a considerable brewer but more distinguished by his translations of Pindar, Anacreon,

And add his **STRICTURES** clever;
 Rome's claffick band (*q*) to this fhall yield,
 Tyb Gorge and Canynge keep the field,
 And Rowley live for ever.

ODE

Juvenal, Appollonius Rhodus, &c. &c. Heelzline's Latin verſion of the poet laſt mentioned has been always conſidered as more difficult to be underſtood than the original Greek; but Mr. Greene's Engliſh tranſlation muſt be acknowledged by every reader to be infinitely more obſcure, and conſequently (according to the doctrine of ſome of our beſt modern writers) to be more ſublime than either. His late **STRICTURES** on the Rowlean controverſy are ſo admirable in this reſpect, that they deſervedly entitle the author to that rare encomium which a venerable Engliſh hiſtorian has beſtowed on a contemporary writer: "He dealeth (ſays Heſlinſhed) ſo profoundlie and beyond all meaſure of ſkill, that neither he himſelfe who made the booke, neither anie one that readeth it, can reach unto the meaning thereof."

(*q*) It would be uncandid not to acknowledge, that we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Milles for this alluſion. Speaking of the feſtive party of Canynge, Rowley, Sir Thybbotte (or as he is ſometimes familiarly called, Tyb) Gorges, and Iſcamm, he ſays, "When we view Canning accompanied with theſe three poets, whoſe agreeable converſation he has celebrated in the **ACCOUNT OF HIS FEAST**, can we forbear drawing the parallel between this party and that of Mæcenas, with his three friends, Virgil, Horace, and Varius, united by the ſimilar ties of friendſhip, genius and poetry? The compariſon will be much to the advantage of Mr. Canning, who not only equalled Mæcenas,

in

O D E

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS AMELIA, JUNE 10, 1785.

AGAIN returns the happy day
Which gave AMELIA Birth ;
Then haste begin the choral lay,
And sing her royal worth.

in liberality, and in the patronage of literature, but was also a better man and a superior poet."—Mr. Thomas Warton has very invidiously expressed some doubts concerning this latter assertion, erroneously imagining that none of Mæcenas's poetry is now extant; but we have been credibly informed, that the Dean of Exeter has a large chest full of it in his possession, which was procured from a monastery in Italy for the use of the well-known Doctor Schomberg, while he was writing the life of Mæcenas, and obligingly transmitted by him to Dr. Milles, as soon as his work was published.—But to return to our subject: the above-mentioned party of Maister Canynge, &c. must indeed have been "most worshipful society;" but surely even that reverend and *antient* company, as well as the chosen fricads of the Roman Knight, must yield the palm of wit and festivity to the three respectable personages named in the text, with the addition of the fair, though frail, Lady W. to enliven the scene by her sportive allusions, and give a zest to the mirth of their symposium.

Hark!

Hark ! to the soft, the sweetly flowing notes !
 Methinks 'tis Clio tuning up the lyre,
 So smoothly thro' the air the music floats,
 None but the muse so well can touch the wire.

Yes, yes, 'tis thou, angelic maid,
 Whose dulcet strains my ears pervade—
 O ! hither come, and with thee bring
 Dews from the Castalian spring,
 And shed them on thy votry's lays,
 To sing in Virtue's highest praise —
 Touch the silent chords once more
 With thy ear-entrancing pow'r ;
 Till notes of ecstacy they sound,
 And vibrate thro' th' expanse around.

Now again the heavenly music comes ;
 Enraptur'd now she sweeps the vocal strings ;
 Her strains a softer harmony assumes,
 While thus in good AMELIA's praise she sings.

Like to the vernal season, that revives
 The vegetable glories of the world,
 Which now diffuses free and uncontroll'd
 Its genial influence on all that lives,
 Her great beneficence unbounded flows ;
 Nor is she deaf to Pity's plaintive voice,
 Her gentle nature melts at other's woes,
 And bids the heart of indigence rejoice.

To

To thee,
Celestial Charity !

Thou fairest image of Divinity !
Our chearful homage must be ever due —
Who seeks to dry the orphan's tears,
Who yields relief to suffering years,
To her what love sincere, what reverence we owe !

Yet say, what other virtues shine
Transcendantly confess'd,
What justice, mercy, grace divine,
Excelling, glows within AMELIA's breast.

Firm as is the Andalusian rock,
Which Albion's prowess won, and yet retains,
Her honour, sacred as her truth remains
Impregnable to Envy's rudest shock.

But O ! my muse, forbear, nor 'tempt her praise,
Beyond thy utmost power to rehearse ;
Her mind, exalted as her rank, receives
No added lustre from thy feeble verse.

Be gratitude alone thy lay,
Free from the ills that oft await
Attendant on the human state,
When hast'ning to life's closing day,

May Heaven her valu'd years prolong :
 And when the tyrant Death
 Shall seize her fleeting breath,
 Unhurt remain her peaceful urn,
 Till that great day begins to dawn,
 When this fair globe shall melt away,
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor aught behind her
 stay.

J. T.

EXTEMPORE ON THOUGHT.

BY THE SAME.

TELL me, my reason, what is Thought?
 Its pow'r and active nature what?
 Airy phantom, ever fleeting;
 E'er inconstant, always changing —
 Deceitful often; unconfin'd;
 True emblem of the lifeless wind,
 Whose operation e'er must be
 To man on earth a mystery —
 Not even to th' Angelic race
 Is given the attribute to trace,
 Its various turnings, winding ways,
 Its wond'rous and intricate maze —

With

With th' immortal soul caval,
 And, doubtless, with it caternal.
 Here then we stop nor further go
 In search of what we must not know ;
 For what th' Almighty wisdom chose,
 Not to our knowledge to disclose,
 Presumption it must be in man,
 And impious to dare to scan.

J. T.

FOR AN INSCRIPTION ON A STONE, OVER THE
 REMAINS OF A FAVORITE DOG:

BY THE SAME.

STRANGER, who e'er thou art, or friend or foe ;
 Whether with joy familiar, or with woe,
 If chance shall guide thee to this flow'ry mead ;
 Or choice direct thee, or thy fancy lead,
 Where lies entomb'd within this narrow space,
 A faithful being of the canine race :
 With cautious feet press lightly on the ground ;
 Nor with rude hands disturb the humble mound,
 Expressly rais'd at a fond master's will,
 Secure, to guard his fav'rite's bones from ill.

E 2

Yet

Yet spare thy tears, the heaving sigh restrain,
Nor give thy nature one short moment's pain.
Tributes like these to him can ne'er be due;
To kindred beings these alone we owe.
Search but throughout the social ties of life,
Or friend, or father, sister, child or wife,
Will ever call thy tender sorrows forth,
To heal despair, and sooth afflicted worth,

Docile he was, and gentle, kind and true;
What merits greater in thy sphere hast thou?
Unerring instinct thus his nature mov'd;
Made him by man caress'd, by man belov'd.
Then hence away—and let thy actions tend,
Impell'd by reason, to the self-same end,
Onward to truth direct a stedfast eye;
Befriended, then, like him thou'lt live, like him lamented die.

October 17th, 1785.

J. T.

A S I M I L E.

YOU say, Sir, once a wit allow'd
A lady to be like a cloud;
Then take a Simile as soon
Between a Woman and the Moon;

I

For

For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heav'nly bodies still.

Grant me (to mimic mortal life,) .
The Sun and Moon are man and wife,
Whate'er kind Sol affords to lend her,
Madam displays in midnight splendor ;
For while to rest he lays him down,
She's up and star'd at thro' the town ;
From him her beauties close confining,
And only in his absence shining.
Or else she looks like fullen tapers ;
Or else is fairly in the vapours ;
Or owns at once a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in opposition.—
Say, is not this a modish pair,
Where each for other feels no care,
Whole days in separate coaches driving,
Whole nights to keep afunder striving ;
Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying once a month together ;
In one sole point unlike the case is,
On her own head the horns she places.

T O H O P E.

O! Thou whose sweetly pleasing sway,
Our willing hearts with joy obey,

O! Hope my pray'r attend :
The pray'r of one whose tortur'd heart,
Pierc'd by Affliction's sharpest dart,
Finds thee its only friend.

'Midst all the pangs which rend my breast,
And long have robb'd my soul of rest,
On thee I will rely ;
For Heav'n in mercy sent thee here,
And bade thee wipe the bitter tear
That streams from Sorrow's eye.

O'er all mankind thy care extends ;
Thy balm the guilty wretch defends
From madness and despair ;
To stop stern Justice in his course,
Thou teachest him the wond'rous force
Of penitence and prayer.

Virtue, by tyrant Pow'r oppress'd,
Friendship, afflicted and distress'd,
By thee is taught to rise ;
And conscious of her Heav'nly birth,
To scorn the narrow bounds of earth,
And claim her kindred skies.

'Tis

'Tis thine to pierce the dismal gloom,
 Where Sorrow weeps o'er Friendship's tomb,
 And show that happy shore,
 Where pleasure shall for ever reign,
 Where virtuous love unites again,
 And friends shall part no more.

'Midst tort'ring rack, and seorching fire,
 The Hero, whom thy voice inspire
 In conscious virtue brave :
 Triumphantly resigns his breath,
 And plucks the sting from vanquish'd death,
 The vict'ry from the grave.

O ! may thy kind, thy gentle pow'r
 Sustain me in that dread hour
 When Nature shrinks aghast ;
 When Death's cold hands these eyes shall close,
 And my long pilgrimage of woes,
 Shall have an end at last.

When the pale lamp of life expires,
 When reason calm, and fancy's fires
 Have left my panting breast,
 Oh ! still my lovely Cherub stay,
 And bear my parting soul away
 To realms of endless rest.

The restless thought, and wayward will,
 And discontent attend him still,
 Nor quit him while he lives ;
 At sea, care follows in the wind,
 At land, it mounts the pad behind,
 Or with the post-boy drives.

He would happy live to day,
 Must laugh the present ills away,
 Nor think of woes to come,
 For come they will, or soon or late,
 Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
 By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age, Clive liv'd renown'd,
 With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
 His valour's well earn'd meed ;
 Too long, alas ! he liv'd, to hate
 His envied lot, and died, too late,
 From life's oppression freed.

An early death, was Elliott's doom,
 I saw his open'ing virtues bloom,
 And manly sense unfold ;

Too

Too soon to fade ! I bade the stone,
Record his name * 'midst Hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the fates may give,
I wish they may, in health to live,
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine,
With these, the Muse already thine,
Her present bounties yields.

For me, O Shore ! I only claim,
To merit, not to seek for fame,
The good, and just to please.
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

* Mr. Elliott died in October 1778, in his way to Naugpore, the capital of Moodajee Boolla's dominions, being deputed on an embassy to that Prince, by the Governor General and Council; a monument was erected to his memory, on the spot where he was buried; and the Marattas have since built a town there, called Elliott Gunge, or Elliott's town.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARIA LINLEY, WHO
DIED SEPTEMBER 5, 1784.

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

Lesbi puella, vale !

Cara Maria, vale !

IF truth, if virtue, innocence and grace,
May in celestial records claim a place,
Linley, thy name is with an angel's pen
written on golden leaves by fainted men :
If wit, if beauty, modesty and sense,
Met earth's applause, or heav'n's high recompence ;
If e'er an angel left the solar sphere,
To fix in wonder ev'ry eye and ear,
'Twas thee, *Maria*—whose superior grace
Prov'd thee descended of celestial race ;
Prov'd thee designed to mitigate our care,
And raise our minds to know what angels are.
Maria, dear, adieu ! and from th' abode
Of saints bestow thy light to point the road ;
That by thy radiance we may gain the sky,
And pass with thee a blest'd eternity.

EPITAPH,

E P I T A P H,

FOR THE GRAVE OF OSSIAN IN GLEN-ALMON.

BY THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

ROLL on, ye dark-brown years, let ages roll,
 And like the waves of ever moving ocean,
 Or leaves of trees, let sons of men arise.
 Nor dark brown years, nor ages rolling on
 The voice of Cona e'er shall cease to hear:
 Lift up your heads, ye hills of Alpin green,
 Lift up your dewy heads the clouds above;
 And in the vales let your blue streams rejoice,
 "Of other times the joy of grief to raise,"
 The song and soul of Ossian yet remain,
 O sons of Alpin! of the strong in arms!
 Here fail'd the hero's strength, and here the tomb
 All that could die of Cona's chief received:
 Here on his staff the tuneful hero leant,
 On his grey hairs the glitt'ring sun beam shining,
 Down to the narrow house with four grey stones
 Here did he sink by Mora's stone to sleep.

THE

THE LAUREL AND THORN.

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE DUCHESS OF DEVON-
SHIRE WITH A LAUREL BOUQUET AT THE TIME
OF THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1784.

BY R. COOKSEY, ESQ.

WHEN *Emy* saw the Laurel wreath
Entwin'd round Devon's breast,
In sounds which fiends alone could breathe,
She Calumny thus address'd :

" From Devon's breast (tho' she be fair
" As Venus ocean-born,) .
" That Laurel, sister ! will we tear,
" And plant therein a Thorn."

On this, much labour they bestow,
But Virtue mock'd their toil ;
And kind forbade a Thorn to grow
In her most favor'd soil.

Soon

Soon as it rais'd its budding head,
 As soon to droop 'twas seen—
 The Laurel more luxurious spread,
 And still blooms ever-green.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO HAD COPIED THE
 PICTURE OF UNA, BY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

FICTION has sung that in the wild
 Defarted Una lay,
 Whose eyes could look e'en Tygers mild,
 Whose voice made Wolves obey.

The painter caught the poet's fire —
 And Tygers, sporting mild,
 With Wolves, in Kauffman's tints admire
 Blithe Spenser's fancied child.

But—when next on Una's face
 Your pencil's power you try,
 Let not each feature and each grace
 Angelica supply :

But, by a Mirror's faithful aid,
 With nice attention draw
 From model of thyself, sweet maid !
 A form without a flaw.

At sight of which, tho' no fierce brood:
 (Infringing Nature's laws,)
 Of Tygers fawn and leave their food,
 A Lion's roar applause ;

Yet, which from reasonable men
 Shall admiration claim,
 And which the pencil and the pen
 Shall consecrate to fame.

THE FOLLOWING JEU D'ESPRIT IS THE PRODUCTION OF THE ELEGANT MRS. BOND HOPKINS, WHO SEEING A SMALL ROBIN FOLLOWING A GENTLEMAN IN THE SEVERE WEATHER OF THE SPRING, WROTE THE FOLLOWING STANZAS EXTEMPORE.

SWEET bird ! who cheer'ft the heavy hours
 Of Winter's dreary reign :
 Oh ! still exert thy tuneful powers,
 And pour the vocal strain.
 Whilst I with gratitude prepare
 The food thy wants demand,
 Go not to seek a scanty fare
 From Nature's frozen hand.

Domestic

Domestic bird, near me remain,
 Until the verdant Spring
 Again shall bid the woodland train
 Their grateful tributes bring.
 Sweet Robin then, thou may'st explore,
 And join the feather'd throng,
 When ev'ry vocal bush shall pour
 The energy of song.
 May'st thou enjoy the silver scene,
 Till all its charms are o'er,
 And Winter's melancholy reign,
 My pensioner restore!

ON CAPABILITY.

BROWN'S ALTERATIONS AT CLERMONT.

AH! murmur not, Art, at your *Brown's* innovation,
 You are still a fine lady, tho' with less affectation:
 And Nature, ah! pardon his hand while it dresses,
 So sweetly, so simply, your features and tresses:
 Your soft swelling bosom, not chastely concealing,
 Not faintly disclosing, not fully revealing;
 Ah! pardon his hand, if it haply should venture,
 In search of coy beauty, quite down to the centre.

BON

B O N M O T,

OF THE LATE CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

IT is well known, that at one time Lord Barrington was honoured with the favour of the distinguished Countess of H——. The Noble Lord one day calling in upon the famous statesman, and wit, Charles Townshend, found him surrounded with a number of huge folios. “What, exclaims Lord B. do you read, Charles! I did not think that a man of your wit and fancy could be so studious.” “Good God! replies Mr. Townshend, do you think it strange that a man should read!—Do you never read?—Do you not now and then, my Lord, take a dip into Harrington’s ocean?”

TO A CERTAIN ATHEIST.

INDEED, Mr. —— it seems very odd,
While your eyes view his works, to deny there’s a
God;
Or assert that our actions he does not regard,
will punish our vice, nor our virtue reward.
What!

What! no vengeance to come! well, if this be but
true,
How happy 'twill be for the Devil and you.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

BY DONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

A C A T C H.

HEAVEN and Hell might strive to catch him,
But that the ——— alone did snatch him.
No longer veer'd by every blast,
The weather cock is fixt at last.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE CATCH.

RAKE *not the ashes of the dead!*
Hear this, thou monster—hide thy head,
Thou most unfeeling heart of hearts!
Thou foe to England's brightest parts,
In dull oblivion thou wilt rot,
Townshend can never be forgot.

WHEN

WHEN THE LATE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON WAS AT ROME, (WHO IS AT PRESENT THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF BRISTOL) SHE BEING MUCH DISTRESSED IN HER MIND, IS SAID TO HAVE ADDRESSED HERSELF TO THE THEN POPE, IN THE FOLLOWING LINES:

SINCE thine is the only power on earth we know,
Can wash the blackest soul as white as snow ;
Dread, Sire, of mercies humbly deign to meet
The first of sinners prostrate at thy feet.
Strange to relate, who once a married maid,
As (now a wife, and widow) claims thy aid ;
Spare her confessions, lest it grieve thee fore,
To hear such sins, as priest ne'er heard before.
The easiest way to lump them all at once,
And absolution in a trice pronounce ;
Then fix the penance, let it be for life,
To the true husband, send the spotless wife.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

ON THE QUONDAM DUCHESS OF K——N, SAID
TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. D——S, ONE OF THE
RESIDENTIARIES OF ST. PAUL'S.

Who is she ?

A WIFE, who to her husband ne'er laid claim ;
A mother, who her children ne'er durst name ;
Is this a wonder ? more yet may be said,
This wife—this mother—still remains a maid.

R O N D E A U.

BY MR. LUDERS.

SHE's so lively and so fair,
Where'er she comes all hearts submit,
Charm'd by her beauty and her wit :
Her spouse thinks he's her only care ;
Her lover hears it with surprise,
“ It is impossible,” he cries,
“ She's so lively and so fair.”

LINES

S O N N E T.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DRAMATIC POEM OF
CARACTACUS.

BY THE SAME.

LO! at the poet's call from ancient night,
Druid, and patriot-bard, and chieftain brave,
Who bent on freedom, or a glorious grave,
To veteran arms oppos'd their native might,
When part the cliffs that break the Belgic wave,
The Julian Eagles wing'd a bolder flight,
To reach the bound where Thule's icy cave
Reflects the doubtful sun's declining light.
Yet, *Mason!* yet another task remains
To fill the trump of Albion's early fame;
Be thine to paint superiour to his chains
The captive *prince* before the *Claudian* throne;
While *Rome* beholds with tributary *shame*
The lofty port of *virtue* once her *own*.

RHAPSODY.

R H A P S O D Y,

WRITTEN AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

BY THE SAME.

O First and boldest of the tuneful throng
 That drew from nature's source the powers of song !
 If from the orb of some propitious star
 Serenely gliding at the close of day,
 Thy spirit love to tread this hallow'd ground
 Which saw thy birth and hail'd thy virgin lay,
 Let not unmark'd a youthful suppliant kneel,
 Immortal SHAKESPEARE. He with infant zeal
 Thy flights rever'd, and worshipp'd, from afar,
 His moral guide to life's uncertain bound,
 The child of Fancy by the virtues crown'd.
 Unrivall'd yet on earth ! however *Greece*
 Exalt her fathers of poetic lore ;
 Whatever *Rome's* high boast, when new to peace
 Her arts conceal'd that freedom was no more ;
 Far less by those their heirs of later days,
 With all the self-plum'd tribe of modern Gaul,
 Whose powder'd critics join at Fashion's call
 To mock with feeble light thy noon-tide rays.

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Nor

Nor thine with servile efforts to retrace
 What arts of elder times had made their own,
 Selected features of ideal grace
 In breathing paint, or Promethean stone,
 Or verse that time respects, and world admires.
 Self-rich in nature's elemental store,
 Perennial fountain ! unexhausted mine !
 Thine, like a God, with absolute controul
 To sway the movements of the various soul,
 O'er-leap the walls of empyrean fire,
 And sketch with mortal hand the vast design.

WRITTEN JULY 20, 1779, FOR A DRUID'S CELL,
 IN THE GARDEN OF RICHARD HOARE, ESQ. AT
 THE ELMS, IN SURREY.

STAY, passenger, and view a Druid's cell,
 Where neither gaycity nor pomp invites,
 Comfort with grandeur dothe not alwayes dwell,
 But oft in humble cottages delyghtes.

I boast no gylded walls, no paynted dome,
 These oaks, and mistletoe, are deare to me,
 My furniture is wove in Nature's loom,
 My wealth is innocence and lybertie,

Come

Come then, and muse within this calm retreat;
 (Forgetting what the world calls gay or fine)
 I envy not the splendoure of the great,
 Let *fortune be their boast—content is mine.*

A D R U I D.

S O N N E T

ADDRESSED TO R. P. CAREW, ESQ.

BY T. WARWICK, L. L. B.

TO cliach at early dawn the mountains side,
 Ere devious herds have brush'd the dews away,
 Be mine: at noon amid yon elms to stray,
 Whose artless tufts the cooling current hide:
 Mine from the purple heath's horizon wide
 To trace the splendours of reclining day,
 Until the moon, my homeward path to guide,
 Distain the forest-edge with silver-grey,
 And if such scenes the rising soul expand,
 The flutter'd heart if simple bliss becalm,
 Where nature closer knits the social tie,
 No light addition should my *Carew's* hand
 With equal friendship's animating balm
 To letter'd ease the place of fame supply.

S O N N E T,

TO A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

ACCEPT, fair patriot! from the muse's hand
 This myrtle-crown, with roses interleav'd—
 This, stretch'd on yonder cliff, thy poet weav'd
 Embower'd by rocks, by rising breezes fann'd;
 Mean time his eye the boundless ocean scann'd,
 Whose waves, with pausing sound his ear reliev'd,
 And fancy dwelt on naval palms atchiev'd
 By sea-girt Albion's tutelary band.
 Nor thou reject, however rudely twin'd,
 Those native emblems of thy face and mind,
 Nor scorn the verse which honest warmth inspires;
 For well thou know'st, that Art can ill controul
 The wild luxuriance of a British soul,
 When Freedom animates, and Beauty fires.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

WRITTEN IN A SEAT IN MR. BAMPFYLDE'S WOODS
AT HESTERCOMBE, NEAR TAUNTON, SOMERSET,
CALLED THE WITCHES' PARLOUR, AND WHICH
COMMANDED THE PROSPECT OF HIS PLEASURE
GROUNDS.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. LANGHORNE.

O'ER Bampfylde's wood by Nature's beauties grac'd,
A Witch presides—but then that Witch is TASTE.

OBSERVATION OF AN INDIAN, ON SEEING A VERY
YOUNG MISS WITH A HOOP PETTICOAT.

AN artless Indian through the town,
In search of fights, walked up and down ;
Each object filled him with surprize ;
At length hoop-coats attract his eyes ;
What fight is here ! he said, and smil'd ;
A very infant sure with child !

E P I G R A M.

ON MR. PITT'S BEING PELTED BY THE MOB ON
LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1785.

THE city feast inverted here we find,
For Pitt had his DESERT before he DIN'D.

ON READING DR. JOHNSON'S PRAYERS AND MEDI-
TATIONS.

VIEW'D in the full meridian blaze,
Of Learning's artificial rays,
Johnson seems more than common :
When, like a *puritan divine*,
We see him gossop, cant and whine,
The *Doctor's* an *Old Woman*.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum.

ON A BALLOON PURSE.

TO make purses Balloons—is undoubtedly right ;
A Balloon is my *Purse*, for 'tis frequently *light* ;
When 'tis full, how *I mount*—how *I soar* in the *skies*—
How I spurn all *below*—how I earth-worms despise—
How rapid I fly through the regions of air !—
But when empty, I sink—over-whelm'd with despair !

CUPID'a

CUPID'S BOW STRING.

I.

WITH filken cords the bards of old,
The little Urchin's bow have strung;
But modern bards full better told,
When it with *hair* they now have hung.—

II.

In filken bonds, the maid, 'tis said,
Her lover still retains at call;
But without *hair* I'm fore afraid,
Love's *arrow* now would often fall.—

III.

When maids in filken locks are dressed,
'Tis long and lank, the spring is gone;
And Cupids *dart*, tho' strong at first,
From it too soon the force is flown.—

IV.

But if with rougher *hair* they're found,
Which curling up retains it's force;
'Twill stretch and spang, and curl again,
And Cupid's *dart* will fit of course.—

Dulce est decipere in loco.

Z.

I M P R O M P T U.

BY BISHOP ATTERBURY,

ON A CHALLENGE TO THE BISHOP TO DICTATE
SOMETHING IN PRAISE OF A GOOSE-QUILL; FROM
THE WORDS, " DESPISE NOT THE WORTH OF
THOSE THINGS THAT ARE SMALL."

" The words of the wise man thus preach'd to us all,

" Despise not the worth of those things that are small."

THE quill of the *Goose* is a very slight thing,
Yet it feathers the arrow that flies from the string;
Makes the bird it belongs to, rise high in its flight,
And the jack it has oil'd against dinner go right.
It brightens the floor, when turn'd to a broom,
And brushes down cobwebs at the top of the room;
Its plumage by age into figures is wrought,
Its soft as the hand, and as quick as the thought.
It warms in a muff, and cools in a screen;
It is good to be felt, it is good to be seen.
When wantonly waving, it makes a fine show
On the crest of the warrior, or hat of the beau.
The quill of the goose (I shall never have done,
If thro' all its perfections and praises I run)

Make

Makes the harpichord vocal, which else would be
 mute,
 And enlivens the sound, the sweet sound of the flute;
 Records what is written in verse or in prose,
 By *Ramsay*, by *Cambray*, by *Boyle*, or *Despreaux*.
 Therefore well did the wise man thus preach to us
 all—
 “ Despise not the worth of those things that are
 small.”

E P I T A P H

ON JOHN HEWITT, ESQ.

LATE PURSE-BEARER TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR
 OF IRELAND, (WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF
 A LADY WHO WISHED TO PRESERVE A PICTURE
 OF HIM.)

HERE *Fat Jack* reclines—and there's no one will
 rue it—

What, *Jack Falstaff*! no, no, his great brother,
Jack Hewitt!

An eight bottle toper, where claret was fine,
 And wherever it was he'd assuredly dine.
 Tho' the sweets of the vintage he highest respected,
 Each dish at the table he never neglected.

F 5

Whenever

Whenever he din'd with * Eblana's † Archbishop,
 The wonder-struck company gave every dish up !
 A *Turkey* and *Capon*, and such *little birds*,
 He gulp'd like a school boy a half'orth of curds !
 Six rounds of a twelpenny loaf ev'ry day,
 In a well butter'd toast, he devour'd at his tea !
 'Twas a doubt with his friends whether Gog or
 Magog,

Could eat, or could swill with this overgrown hog !—
 Among maudlin wits he was cock of the school,
 But the wise ones pronounc'd him a damnable fool ;
 Not wise ones who knew that his coffers were full,
 For o'erflowing coffers enrich ev'ry skull !—
 He liv'd a gay life between eating and drinking,
 And of this and his money for ever was thinking ;
 In this was his genius, his *fame*, and his *merit*.
 If our Falstaff did opposite virtues inherit,
 Those *virtues* that live in an amiable breast,
 His friend, my *Lord Townshend* ‡, must tell you the rest.

PADDY WHACK.

* Dublin.

† Dr. Craddock, who had an astonishing appetite.

‡ When his Lordship was Viceroy of Ireland, Fat Jack was a distinguished bottle companion of his.

ON THE SCULPTURES OF THE HONOURABLE MRS.
A. DAMER, DAUGHTER TO GENERAL CONWAY.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BADINI.

CLEOMENES * display'd the tempting scene,
Which shews the beauties of the Cyprian Queen:
Now in return, the goddess plays his part,
And shews the beauties of the sculptor's art.
The graces smiling wait on her command,
And ease the labour of their mistress' hand.
From her skill'd touch, immortal Gods improve,†
And senseless blocks are starting into love.‡
The dullest clods of earth a soul acquire,
E'en frigid marble breathes celestial fire;

* The famous Venus of Medicis is the work of Cleomenes, as appears from the following lines, written on the basis of that admirable statue——ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΟΡΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΥ ΕΠΙΘΕΞΕΝ——Made by Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus, the Athenian.

† In the year 1783 an excellent model of Mercury, by the honourable Mrs. A. Damer, was exhibited at Somerset-House, and in the year 1784, the bust of Neptune, and that of the Goddess Isis, by the same hand.

‡ Cupid catching a butterfly, a most ingenious emblem, and likewise a production of the honourable Mrs. A. Damer, exhibited in the year 1785.

Her chisel, wond'rous more than Orpheus' lute,
 Can soften rocks, and deify a brute.
 Before Diana's dogs § with pious zeal,
 Before their cats, Egyptians us'd to kneel;
 Lo! to the same an altar || Britons rear,
 But what was folly there, is wisdom here.
 Florence, adieu! farewell both Greece and Rome,
 Superior wonders can be seen at home—
 Exalted wit, and genius unconfin'd,
 The charms of beauty with the purest mind!
 The throne of Pallas, and the Muse's seat
 Enraptur'd we behold in SACKVILLE-STREET.

§ The Dogs of Diana had temples erected in every town of Egypt, which Juvenal humorously introduced in his fifteenth satire: Cats were also an object of Egyptian superstition, as may be seen in Cicero's *de Natura Deorum*.

|| The kittens carved by the above lady, and especially her beautiful sleeping dogs, exhibited last season, have been universally admired.

N. B. The town residence of the honourable Mrs. A. Damer is in Sackville-Street.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

ON THE TRANSMIGRATION OF THE SOUL.

JUST as our follies are, Tom said,
 So shall we be transform'd when dead:
Exempla docent—I'll one quote,
 The lustful man will be a *Goat*.
 Says Jack, if that should come to pass,
 Then by your rule you'll be an *ass*.

TO THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY,

JAN. 1, 1786.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

MAY thy bark (*belle amie*) keep clear of the Styx,
 And happily glide thro' the year eighty-six:
 Had I my fond wish, I would then be thy gale,
 And true to my office, would live in the fail.

VERSES

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

LOVE's tyrant power again I own,
 Unequal to the strife,
 Hope, Fancy's child, with youth is flown,
 Nor gilds the gloom of life.

Ah, form'd to win, to sooth, or please,
 And warm the coldest breast;
 To charm with elegance and ease,
 In smiles and sweetness dress.

Maria come;—each throbbing fear
 Which reason can't controul,
 I feel, and oft the bursting tear,
 —The anguish of the soul.

Still let me mark each sparkling grace,
 Still at your bliss rejoice;
 And sometimes see Maria's face,
 And hear Maria's voice.

When beauty, wit, with taste combines,
 The gentlest temper's seen;
 It's thus the brilliant emerald shines,
 In shades of softest green.

Polish'd

Polish'd and gay, be every strain
That speaks Maria's praise;
My wounded heart must still complain,
For passion prompts my lays.—

Yes, my Maria, we must part,
The sweet delusions o'er;
Another may deserve your heart,
But who can love you more?

S O N G.

TO MRS. F——, 1760.

MY Anna, must we, must we part,
What mean those boding sighs!
Ah, let me clasp you to my heart,
And kiss those streaming eyes!—

Those streaming eyes, all bath'd in tears,
With mildest lustre gleam;
As yonder watery cloud appears,
Gilt by the solar beam.—

Pleasure, my Anna, swiftly flies,
And youth's a fading flower;
Then let our warmest passions rise,
And snatch the present hour.

Let

Let no vain fears your purpose move,
Nor cloud that beauteous face,
Its heaven that purifies our love
In Sympathy's embrace.

Come listen to a love-lorn tale,
Reclin'd upon my breast,
There Anna every sweet exhale
Fragrant as myrtle prest.

In tender accents, once more say,
And mutual love disclose,
Soft as the fostering dew in May
That nurse the budding rose.—

Dear youth, by fond affection led,
Enjoy your Anna's charms ;
Then sweetly blush, drop that dear head,
And sink into my arms.—

E P I G R A M.

ADDRESSED TO LORD SHELBURNE, ON HIS BEING
APPOINTED MINISTER — ON THE MARQUIS OF
ROCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

SAID Charles, in a joke, Ashley kissing his hand,
“ My lord, you're the veriest rogue in the land ;”
His

His lordship retorted with humourous spite,
Of a subject my * Liege (still saving your right :)
—Curse on Jests, thus forestall'd—at this time so fit,
To give George and Shelburne, a topic for wit.—

APOLOGY FOR LORD SHELBURNE ASSERTING
THREE FALSEHOODS, IN HIS SPEECH, IN THE
HOUSE OF LORDS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THREE fibs in one speech!—*Priestly* make the
cause plain
—“ Truth’s refracted to lies in my old pupil’s
“ brain;”
The medium’s in fault, then whence your surprize,
Evn *Saville* so form’d, would be noted for lies,
Price and I strove to cure him, our efforts miscarry,
So we handed him over to *Dunning and Barré*.

• Vide, North’s examen.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

February 9th, 1773.

SIR,

AS discussions on duelling are become fashionable, both in news-papers and conversation, it may be some entertainment to your readers to consider the facts and progressions of the *point of honour* which are so well known and systematically pursued in our sister kingdom. As the Grecian philosophers in the infancy of science, travelled into *Ægypt* for instruction, I think S. J. M. or S. T. W——do, should take a trip to Ireland, or consult the *initiated* on this important and interesting subject. They might obtain sufficient knowledge, by being admitted as *Visitors* to the *Powder and Ball Club*, established in the county of Cunamaragh; for I apprehend neither of those worthy Knights would choose to qualify himself as a member, as no gentleman is elected who has not been shot in some part of his body. What peculiarly distinguishes this institution, is, that if the ball has been extracted, the candidate is inadmissible, and there is no room for negotiation.

The

The present president, Pheilm O'Shaughnessy, Esq; knight of the shire, is actually in possession of eleven bullets in different parts of his body. He is the envy and admiration of the whole province, and might prove a valuable acquisition to Lord Pomfret, since he has lost his lead mine. Such of the members who have unfortunately escaped with a shot in the limbs, (which is termed *winging*) are only allowed to dine at the fide table.

It is scarcely conceivable, Mr. Woodfall, how laudably ambitious the young men are to be admitted to the president's table; and it is no uncommon circumstance for a candidate to burst into tears, on his receiving only a flesh wound in a duel. When the surgeon thinks it indispensably necessary to extract the ball to save the patient's life, he uses only this decisive argument: "My dear soul, you will
 " remember and recollect that if you will die now,
 " you will never be a member of the club at all at
 " all; but by living a little longer, you may have
 " the good luck to be shot again, when we may
 " allow the lead to settle in your body without any
 " molestation."

The poor gentleman then submits reluctantly, and commonly sends the ball to his mistress, to wear in the sleeve of her gown, with a copy of pathetic verses lamenting the cruelty of his situation. Here follows

inculcating politeness and humanity, has a fatal tendency to repress the generous efforts of true courage and heroism.

P U G I O.

A S O N G,

COMPOSED BY MURLAGH O'SULLIVAN, FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT OF THE MEMBERS
OF THE CUNAMARAGH CLUB.

Tune — *They fought in their Brogues, and they flab'd
with their Skeins.*

I.

COME, let us be jolly, my boys,
Still ready for every call;
For drinking and fighting's our joys,
The chorus is—Powder and Ball.

Fal de ral, &c. •

II.

Our sport is to game, drink, and hunt,
To fire off our pistols and pence,
And we never will take an affront,
Because—we first give the offence.

Fal de ral, &c.

III. Hark

III.

Harken to O'Sullivan's song,
Which points out the way that is right,
And bids you shew courage when wrong,
For that's the occasion to fight.
Fal de ral, &c.

IV.

Tho' your friend, like a Prince, entertains,
If you don't like the *Toast* that he puts,
Ne'er boggle to blow out his brains,
Or lend him a thrust in the guts.
Fal de ral, &c.

V.

If you choose for to call at his door,
And find that he is'nt within ;
He affronts you—the son of a whore !
Ogh !—make a *round hole* in his skin.
Fal de ral, &c.

VI.

Mechanics will come with their bills,
And beg you to pay them some money ;
Never heed their complaints and their ills,
But give them *Shillelagh*, my honey.
Fal de ral, &c.

VII.

Or that if you languish with love,
 And the Lady would wish to escape,
 You'll make her as tame as a dove,
 By only committing a rape.
 Fal de ral, &c.

VIII.

Then lay her fast ty'd on a horse,
 Her eyes will stream like two fountains;
 Never mind the dear creter's remorse,
 But carry her safe to the mountains.
 Fal de ral, &c.

IX.

There Madam must starve for her tricks,
 'Till she's too weak to resist;
 But still if she struggles and kicks,
 Then give her a thump with your fist.
 Fal de ral, &c.

X.

Ogh! that makes her deadly and faint,
 And saves all her blushes and cries;
 Then ravish the beautiful faint,
 Before that she opens her eyes.
 Fal de ral, &c.

XI. In

XI.

In a cave, like Queen Dido's, the place,
 For robbing each beautiful charm ;
 But if she complies with a grace,
 Then do the sweet *Creter* no harm.
 Fal de ral, &c.

XII.

For indictments of law never budge,
 The Jury loves bucks that will wench;
 And sure we may challenge the judge,
 As soon as he comes from the bench.
 Fal de ral, &c.

XIII.

Then let us be jolly my boys,
 Still ready for every call :
 For drinking and fighting's our joys,
 Our Chorus is—Powder and Ball.
 Fal de ral, &c.

THE PRAISE OF POTATOES.

A BURLESQUE. BY. E F.

HAIL, rare potatoes ! hot or cold, all hail !
 O quickly come—mine appetite's delight !
 Whether in oven's fiery concave clos'd,
 By baker's art delicious thou'rt embrown'd,
 While rills of purple gravy from the pores
 Of mighty beef improve the luscious fare.
 Whether the dame of culinary skill
 Have rudely scalp'd thee o'er, and to the rage
 Of warring elements consign thee deep,
 Beneath the cope of air-excluding lid
 In humid durance plung'd. Or when with steaks
 Of marbled vein, from rump of stall-fed steer
 Disparted late—slic'd in the shallow pan
 I view thee kindly strew'd, how joys my heart !
 How flash with eager glance my longing eyes !
 Or in the tedious eve, when nipping frost
 Reigns potent, 'mid the smould'ring embers roast
 (From subterranean store selected) those
 Of amplest size rotund, of native coat
 Yet unbereft—and if my homely board
 Penurious, add but few salubrious grains
 Of humble salt, I bless the cheap repast !—

I

But

But chiefly come at noon-tide hunger's call,
 When from th' ebullient pot your mealy tribe,
 With happiest art concoct, profusely pours ;
 And be the mass with butter's plenteous aid
 To rich consistence wrought : nor oh ! withhold
 The pepper's pungent pow'r, of grateful glow
 Beneficent ! lest my insatiate claim
 Ventose and wat'ry, cause the twinging gripe
 Of cholic pang abdominal ! — And here
 Need I relate how when for thee I flight
 Thy rival roots and poignant sauces rare
 Crown'd with exotic name, my humble choice,
 Mock'd with rude insult, wakes the latent spark
 Of witling's fire—a feeble, glow-worm ray
 That beams, not burns ! Nor feels my injur'd taste
 (Taste undeprav'd by fashion's varying art)
 Alone the shaft, but person, fortune, fame,
 All, all, invidious scann'd, with sneer malign
 And scoff sarcastic.—In *the pudding's* praise
 Let others rant loquacious—I despise
 The doughy morsel for my fav'rite food.
 Give me but this, ye Gods ! scornful I pass
 Each celebrated shop—(*Williams, or Birch,*
 Or he of Belgic fame—idol supreme
 Of city saint in city hall ador'd !—
 By mortals *Hoffman* hight)—where brittle puffs
 Multangular—with custards, cakes, and creams,

And lucid jellies nodding o'er the brim
Of crystal vase, in pastry pomp combine
To lure the sense. These, these, unmov'd I pass,
While fond I antedate potatoes' charms,
"Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind!"

E P I G R A M

ON A DUTCH VESSEL REFUSING TO TAKE UP A
LATE AERIAL VOYAGER.

BENEATH the sun nothing, there's nothing that's
new ;
Tho' Solomon said it, the maxim's not true.
A Dutchman, for instance, was heretofore known,
On *lucre* intent, and on *lucre* alone.
Mynheer is grown honest—retreats from his prey—
Won't pick up e'en * *Money*, though drop'd in his
way.

* Major *Money*, who made an excursion from Norfolk.

A SCOT

A SCOTS POEM ON THE AIR-BALLOON.

BY COLONEL ERSKINE.

SWEET keep us a' frae what's no right,
 Frae witchcraft arts or warlocks wight;
 For foulks are now gaun out o' fight
 Abon the yird;
 Up gets the Gilpins wi' a flight
 Like ony bird.

Sic fairlies ne'er were seen before.
 'Mang a' the pauky carls o' yore,
 Tho' they had gimcracks mony a score,
 Yet weel wot I
 They ne'er fan' out the gate to bore
 Up thro' the sky.

But spite o' a' their weel tald wordies,
 Tho' faulk had wings upon their girdies,
 Yet they're o'er stark about the hurdies—
 O'er dreigh ahin',
 To gae to flee like bits o' burdies—
 An' that they'll fin'.

I'd war the price o' twa gude shoos,
 To see this sam trick fairly done;
 But whan they're liltin' to the moon
 Wi' glee and fun,
 Wow, Sirs, they'll flee the birds aboon
 As fure's a gun.

Tho' I was fure o' na mischanter,
 My dizzy pow I wadnae venture
 To sail sae heigh aboon the centre
 In sic a car,
 Or flee on ony mad adventure,
 The Lord kens whar.

To gae to flee w' de'il ae feather!
 An' climb the air without a lather!—
 Eh! by my faul I'd ha'e a tether
 To stop my drift,
 Whan hablin' at a big blawn blrather,
 Up thro' the lift.

A tipsy buk wad yoke it fine,
 Whafe pow is dais'd wi midnight wine,
 "Dem me (he'd cry) let's have a shine,"
 An' aff he'd flee,
 Till fate might land him soon or syne
 In fume muzee.

In

In France ilk' ane has his balloon—
 They're swarmin there in ilka town,
 Like pyets happin' up an' down ;
 But mony a ane
 Has fa'en an gotten a cracket crown,
 Or broken bane.

Balloons are rife enough at hame,
 Our lightiorums are the same,
 Wi' noddles toomer far than them
 'They strut the causey,
 At mony a feckles airy scheme,
 Baith proud an' faucy.

There's Wattock, who but fernyear cam'
 Wi' plaidin' coat fra the plough tram,
 Wha glour'd as doil'd as ony ram,
 Seeth ere I frow,
 He keeps a shop, and that nae sham——
 Keek at him now !

His pow wi' creish an feent is socket ;
 Frae tap to tae he's newly stocket ;
 Wi' baith his haffets toshly docket
 He struts awa' ;
 An' eh fac heigh's his nose is cocket—
 Gude guide us a' !

O' pride he has an unco skair,
 Nor gi'es a nod to ane that' bare,
 But like balloons flies thro' the air
 Wi' sky sail riggin';
 Ay mony a castle he has there
 O' his ain biggin'.

Poor doited ghaist! he disna think
 That youth is but a bony blink,
 Whilk sliely steals him to the brink
 O' blirty eild,
 Whar his balloon some day maun sink
 An finch the field.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BY MR. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
 I sooth to peace the penfive mind:
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,
 Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
 And while the mapple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within

Within my limits lone and still
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill :
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
 The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
 From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
 To lurk with innocence she flies ;
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my 'custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
 And every opening primrose count,
 That trimly paints my blooming mount :
 Or o'er the sculpture, quaint and rude
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreathes to stray
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heav'nly meed :
 Then as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such poor joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm Oblivion's humble grot;
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff, and amice grey,
 And to the world's tumultuous stage,
 Prefer the blameless Hermitage?

HORACE. ODE THIRD.

Ad navem, qua Virgilius vehebatur Aibenas proficiscens.

IMITATED BY J. ROBINSON, ESQ. AND ADDRES-
 SED TO THE SHIP IN WHICH MR. WILLIAM
 EDEN IS TO BE CONVEYED ON HIS EMBASSY
 TO FRANCE.

SOFT and propitious be each gale,
 Nor one rude wave thy sides assail,
 Betwixt *Dessin's* and *Dever*,
 Much honor'd vessel, to whose share
 Shall fall the great, th' important care,
 To carry WILLIAM over.

Protest

Protect him every wind, I pray,
Nor let ought happen on the way,
Of sickness, or of trouble.
If, like yourselves, he loves to vter,
And willing weathercocks are dear,
Oh ! guard from harm *my double*.

How nobly daring he, who first
From Honor's powerful hold could burst,
And bravely launching out,
To Interest give the spreading sail,
Catch *every* favourable gale,
Uncheck'd by coward doubt.

The million saw me brave the knocks
And buffets of indignant Fox,
Nor heed the loud disgrace ;
And cried (so well I *look'd* my part)
* " Sure threefold iron arms his heart,
" And threefold brags his face."

But WILLIAM soon approv'd the deed,
His early purpose could I read,

* *Illi robur et les triplex, &c.*

As oft his eyes he fixt
 Fall on the seats upon our side,
 Though all, alas! were occupied
 † By monsters strangely mixt.

Yet what shall check ambitious Man?
 Shall † *prudent* GILBERT's narrow plan
 Remove reward from merit?
 From such a code in every session,
 Oh! let there be some bold transgression,
 Or farewell public spirit.

By overstepping vulgar rules,
 || High-reaching TEMPLE "push'd the stools"
 From those who rul'd the roast,
 And introduc'd the *fiery* PITT, §
 With whom came Worth, and Sense, and Wit,
 In short, all Virtue's host.

What, EDEN, will not courage dare?
 Presumptuous numbers ride the air,

† *Qui fixis oculis monstra natantia, &c.*

‡ *Necquicquam deus absidio prudens.*

|| *But, alas! "high-reaching Buckingham grew circumspect."*

§ *Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.*

And

And * HERCULES could force
His passage, whither with less toil,
When, " shuffled off this mortal coil,"
Our journey lies of course.

S O N N E T

TO MISS WILLIAMS, ON HER EPIC POEM, PERU.

BY MISS SEWARD.

POETIC sister, who with daring hand,
'Ere this fourth lustre's last soft year is flown,
Hast seiz'd the Epic Lyre—with art divine
Wak'd on its golden strings each spirit bland,
ON bade its deep sonorous tunes expand;
Shalt thou the claim of glory's meed resign,
Call other strains, less silver sweet than thine,
To hymn the fate of a disastrous land !
See ! at that call, Peru's wild genius flies
To Thespian bowers : there, as Urania strays,
Grasps her bright robe, and thus impatient cries,
With bending knee, and supplicating gaze,
" Be mine alone thy lovely female bard,
" O ! from obtrusive lyre my well-sung story guard !"

* *Perrupis Acheronta Herculeus labor.*

TO E. M. ESQ.

Bath, Sept. 22, 1784.

WHILST you illumine Shakespeare's page,
And dare the future critic's rage,
Or on the past refine,
Here many an eve I pensive sit,
No B——e pours out a stream of wit,
No B——ll joys o'er wine.

At Baia's spring, of Roman fame,
I quaff the pure æthereal flame,
To fire my languid blood :
Life's gladsome days, alas ! are o'er,
For health's phlogiston now no more
Pervades the stagnant flood.

Studios at times, I strive to scan
Hope's airy dream—the end of man,
In systems wise or odd ;
With Hume, I fate and death defy,
Or visionary phantoms spy
With Plato and Monbodd.

By metaphysic whims distress'd,
Still sceptic thoughts disturb my breast,

And

And reason's out of tune :—
 One serious truth let none impeach,
 'Tis all philosophy can teach—
 That man's an air balloon.

He rides the sport of every blast,
 Now on the wave, or desert cast,
 And by the eddy borne :—
 Can boasted reason steer him right,
 Or e'er restrain his rapid flight,
 By passion's whirlwind torn?

His mounting spirits, buoyant air,
 But wafts him 'midst dark clouds of care,
 And life's tempestuous trouble ;
 Even though he shine, in splendid dyes,
 And sport awhile in fortune's skies,
 Soon bursts the empty bubble.

While thro' this pathless waste we stray,
 Are there no flowers to cheer the way ?
 And must we still repine ?
 No ;—Heaven, in pity to our woes,
 The gentle-soothing balm bestows
 Of music, love, and wine.

Then bid your Delia awake the lyre,
 Attuned to Love and soft desire,

And

And scorn Ambition's strife ;
 Around let brilliant Fancy play,
 To colour with her magic ray.
 The dreary gloom of life.

Let Beauty speed her fondest kiss,
 The prelude to more perfect bliss,
 And sweet sensations dart ;
 While wine and frolic mirth inspire
 The ardent wish, the amorous fire,
 And thrill the raptur'd heart.

But Man has social dues to pay ;
 Reason and science claim their sway,
 And truths sublime dispense :
 For pleasure's charms we feebly taste,
 If idly every hour we waste,
 The abject slaves of sense.

In vain the speculative mind
 Would metaphysic regions find—
 Such dark researches spare ;
 The soul ethereal notions tire,
 As her frail case can scarce respire
 In too refin'd an air.

To Sophists leave their puzzling skill ;
 The voice of Reason whispers still

To blest, is to be blest ;
 Illum'd by Virtue's vivid ray,
 Enjoy the present fleeting day,
 And trust to Heaven the rest.

ANACREON AND STELLA

ADDRESSED TO THE D — OF R — .

AS poor Anacreon bleeding lies,
 From the first glance of Stella's eyes,
 Too weak to fly—too proud to yield,
 Or leave an undisputed field ;
 He rallies, rests upon his arms,
 And reconnoitres all her charms ;
 Vainly he fancies that by peeping,
 Thro' all the beauties in her keeping,
 He may, in such a store, collect
 The healing balm of one defect.
 One feeble part—one faulty spot,
 That nature's framing-hand forgot,
 Or left in mercy a defence,
 Against her wide omnipotence,
 Which spares philosopher nor sage,
 Nor tender youth—nor cautious age ;

He

He view'd her stature tow'ring high,
 The liquid lustre of her eye ;
 The various wonders of her mouth,
 Diffusing sweetness like the South ;
 Where everlasting raptures grow,
 Where violets breathe and roses glow,
 Where pearls in splendid order meet,
 And tune the lisp of accents sweet.
 As pebbles shed their silver beam,
 Brighten and harmonize the stream.
 He view'd the whole array of charms,
 The waving plumes and polish'd arms ;
 He look'd thro' ev'ry rank and file,
 Thro' ev'ry grace, and ev'ry smile :
 Where shall I go some fault to find,
 Have I no refuge in her mind ?
 'Can't I one healing error trace,
 To cure the mischiefs of her face ;
 One tax—one countervailing duty,
 To balance her account of beauty ?
 One saving foible, balmy fault,
 One impropriety of thought,
 To lend its medicinal aid,
 And heal the wounds her eyes have made ?
 Presumptuous thought ! I viewed once more,
 The blaze that dazzled me before ;

And

And saw those very eyes impart,
 A soul that sharpens ev'ry dart ;
 With ev'ry rich endowment fraught,
 The tender care, the gen'rous thought ;
 The sense of each exalted duty,
 That mingled worth with ev'ry beauty ;
 And a prevailing wish impress'd,
 To make all happy, and one blest'd ;
 Her heart thro' ev'ry feature spoke,
 There was a virtue in each look ;
 The whole was gentleness and love,
 Her arrows feather'd with the dove ;
 And ev'ry glance that charm'd the sight,
 Was as benevolent as bright ;
 Finding no possible retreat,
 I yield contented to my fate ;
 I unreluctant drag the chain,
 And in the passion lose the pain ;
 For her sweet bondage is so light,
 And all her fetters are so bright,
 That vain and vanquish'd, I must own,
 I cannot wish to lay them down ;
 Nor idly struggle to be free,
 Nor change my lot for liberty.

Of mystic rapture, tho' thy favour'd eye
 Have drunk deep draughts at many a transient view ;
 These visionary charms too soon will die,
 No longer pleasing, when no longer new.
 O ! vain to hope these fleeting joys shall last,
 When novel days, and weeks, and honey-moon are
 past !

And tho' with skill she drive the pointed steel,
 And many a selvedge runs with busy speed :
 Can selvedges divert the pangs you feel,
 When clouded comes the dismal hour of need ?
 When dear earn'd shillings fly ten thousand ways,
 In shape of caps, and cloaks, and stockings, shoes,
 and stays ?

And if in song she charm thy ravish'd ear,
 And trip it graceful in the mazy dance ;
 What strain, what step, may sooth thy fate severe,
 When dreary winter's shiv'ring months advance ?
 Joyous no more to share in flowing bowls,
 Now doom'd to curse the cost of candles, and of
 coals !

How beats thine heart, when fashion's changeful
 laws

Enjoin new modes, and each frail female shines,
 With tow'ring head-dress rich in flowing gauze ?—
 To join the giddy throng thy partner pines ;

With

With eager zeal to shew an early taste,
In Folly's num'rous train the grieves to lift the last.

When Summer-sabbath crowns the lagging week,
And ruddy Phoebus gilds the landscape round,
Then spruce acquaintance shall thy table seek,
And gossip neighbours at thy board be found :
Succeeds a lengthful train, unknown before,
Aunts, cousins, sisters, nieces, drain thy congru-
stere.

But O ! what pen may paint the pure delight,
When wealth, when virtue, lasting bliss insures ;
When youthful beauty waits the hallow'd rite,
And parents' willing voice the boon secures.
Not here the muse pours forth her sorrowing song,
To this auspicious theme her gayest notes belong !

HINTS TO PROFESSORS.

TO PROFESSORS OF POETRY.—Take a strong decoction of *Aristotle's Poetics*, and *Bosju's Treatise on Epic Poetry*, every morning before breakfast, for about a fortnight, (you may get translations of each of them.)

Remember that

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Qua scribuntur aquæ poloribus* — 3

Drink liberally therefore of ale,

VOL. II.

H

I would

I would recommend a *Gradus ad Parnassum* as an antidote against false quantities ; and *Ryffe's Art of Poetry*, and *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary*, will be of great use in your remarks on English Poets. If you happen to have no ideas, don't trouble yourself to get any ; get an Italian master, and learn to *translate* ; and if the world should say you have neither spirit nor imagination, and that your lines are flimsy and vapid, show them your list of subscribers. If this does not convince *them*, it will serve *you* ; for the vanity of having their names printed in capitals among so many Honourables, and Right Honourables, will have great weight. As to your subscribers reading the book, that's not your enquiry. Get the Reviewers to give it a good character, or review it yourself, and my life for your success.—You may become Laureat if it please the King.

TO MATHEMATICAL PROFESSORS.—Above all things cultivate a good memory ; get your demonstrations by heart, and the thing is done.

TO PROFESSORS OF ASTRONOMY.—Never plague yourself about the old fashioned system of Sir Isaac Newton ; his philosophy is almost exploded. Attend one of *Walker's Lectures* upon the Eidouranion, and talk a great deal about *Herschell's Georgium Sidus*,
you'll

you'll pass for a great astronomer, at least with the ladies.

TO PROFESSORS OF LANGUAGES.—Endeavour to find out the depth of the person to whom you are speaking in point of language ; if a *Frenchman*, speak highly of *Spanish* and *Portuguese*. With a *German*, admire the *Turkish*. With a *Dutchman*, lament that so fine a language as the *Hebrew* is so little known. With an *Italian*, insist upon the antiquity of the *Welsh*. And to the *Welshman* insinuate, that the Saxons, Normans, and Danes, have jumbled together their different jargons, and produced that barbarous tongue we call *English*. This will have a double effect ; it will give your hearers a high opinion of your wonderful erudition, and be a good apology for your ignorance of our classics. Talk of our College, and carry a small Greek Testament in your pocket. No matter whether you know even the alphabet or not ; six or eight words you *must* get, and you may safely sport them in any company without fear of detection : and when you find you are marked, which you certainly will be if you'll talk loud enough, beg pardon of your hearers, especially the ladies, for speaking in an unknown tongue. This will shew your learning and politeness at the same time. Should you be called upon to translate for a stranger, be he Turk,

Jew, or Infidel, swear he speaks in so barbarous a dialect, that it is impossible for a man who knows the language, in its grammatical purity only, to understand what he means. This will insure you the honour of *F. R. S.* and *S. S. A.* and *B. B.* and a thousand other glorious distinctions.

T O M I R T H.

A N I D Y L L I O N.

HASTE thee, mirth-enlivening power,
 Parent of the genial hour;
 Sportive God, without delay,
 Animate our festal day,
 Here, where dewy roses glow,
 And the hawthorn blossoms blow,
 And the lively linnets sing,
 Wave thy pleasure-breathing wing.
 Come, inspire the festive strain;
 Come, with all thy happy train,
 Jovial sports, alluring wiles,
 Laughter, and the dimpling smiles,
 Leave a while the PAPHIAN grove;
 Lo, the radiant Queen of Love,

Ever

Ever gentle, ever gay,
 Hither wings her easy way,
 And how lovely she appears !
 Ino's form the Goddess wears,
 With her unaffected ease,
 And her native pow'r to please,
 And her sweetly-pensive air,
 And her smiles that banish care.
 Hark ! from every vocal grove,
 Shepherds swell the raptur'd song,
 " Who is she that moves along ?
 " Ino ? or the Queen of Love ? "

THE CRITICAL MINUTE.

AN IMPROMPTU.

TO MRS. S ———.

" CARPE Diem," cries HORACE, that poet divine,
 And who, but his maxim must readily join ?
 Then quickly, dear CHLOE, unveil all your charms,
 And take me, Oh ! take me quick, quick to your
 arms ;—
 Or soon you'll repent, with sighings and sorrow,
 The *here* to-day—may be *coward* to-morrow.

V.

H 3

FOR

FOR THE ASYLUM.

I SEND send you a genuine copy of a ludicrous fable, written many years ago by the present Laureat, and designed for the close of an act of a Burlesque Tragedy, where the fluctuations of passions, which alternately agitate the mind of a young Princess, who is in love with three or four heroes at once, were *pathetically* described. The lines have never yet been completely or correctly given to the public, and the history of their original destination has been long ago forgotten. The tragedy itself was written, or rather half written, by the late Mr. Christopher Smart.

So when a Barber and a Collier fight;
 The Barber beats the luckless Collier white;
 In comes the Dyer, of carulean hue,
 And beats the Barber and the Collier blue;
 Next comes the Brickdust-man, with rouge bespread,
 And beats the Barber, Collier, Dyer—red;
 The rallying Collier whirls his empty sack,
 Knocks down the Brickdust man, and beats him
 black:
 White, blue, red, black, in motley clouds are tost,
 While in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

A PAR-

A P A R O D Y,

OF A SIMILE IN SMITH'S TRAGEDY OR PHÆDRA
AND HYPOLITUS. BY MR. WARTON.

THE ORIGINAL SIMILE.

SO, when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:
Obscure in coverts lay his dreaming hounds,
And bay'd the fancied boar with feeble sounds:
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields.

THE PARODY.

SO, when bright Abigail resign'd her charms,
The happy Curate languish'd in her arms;
His unbrush'd beaver on the floor was lost,
His Sermons scatter'd, and his Bible lost;
In alehouse hid, his dreaming Clerk was found,
Who rear'd the fancied stave with feeble sound;
For nobler Sheets, his Concordance he leaves,
And all the Parson to the Lover gives.

THE DIAMOND COLLAR, FOR WHICH CARDINAL
 DE ROHAN IS IN CUSTODY, IT IS SAID WAS
 OFFERED TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
 FOR SALE, AT LEAST IT SO APPEARS BY THE
 LEYDEN GAZETTE. THE DUKE PRESSED HER
 GRACE TO ACCEPT IT, BUT SHE REFUSED THE
 SUPERB OFFERING WITH THE MOST CARELESS
 INDIFFERENCE. THE FOLLOWING JEU D'ESPRIT
 WAS WRITTEN ON THE SUBJECT :

THE diamond trophy, DEVON view'd,
 And saw its vary'd lightnings play ;
 Yet tho' her Grace was nigh subdu'd,
 She cried,—“ here, take this spoil away !”

'Twas right !—Let brilliants deck that fair,
 To whom inferior charms are giv'n ;
 But why such gems should DEVON wear ?
 It is not *stars* that make a HEAV'N !

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

ON A CONSECRATED HARP, SUPPOSED TO HAVE
 BELONGED TO VIRGIL, TRANSLATED FROM
 THE ITALIAN OF ANTONIO COSTANZO, BY
 THE REV. WILLIAM LIPSCOMB, A. M. CHAP-
 LAIN TO THE EARL OF DARLINGTON.

LO! here's the Harp, that whilom sing
 Of the love-lorn Shepherd's pain;
 Whilst the banks of Mineio rung,
 Responsive to the tender strain!
 Ne'er did Tempe's laurell'd vale
 Echo with so soft a tale,
 Nor Lyceum's groves among
 E'er was heard so sweet a song!

Next, it dar'd with bolder string
 Pales' high deserts to sound,
 And the Trojan's woes to sing,
 Driven by Fate the world around!
 The precious relic, high in air
 Was hung, with fond parental care,
 By its own Shepherd in the glade,
 Near yon oak's protecting shade!

Then if the gales, that oft around
 Wanton dance in sportive play,
 It haply spake,—with angry sound
 Thus, in disdain, it seems to say—
 “ Me, sacred now to this fair grove,
 “ Let no rash hand, hence, dare to move;
 “ For once, O Iityrus! I was thine!—
 “ Oft have I felt thy hand divine!
 “ Nor kill’d, like thee, shall ever swain
 “ Strike these trembling chords again!

S O N G

IN THE NEW COMEDY OF THE HEIRESS.

(WRITTEN BY GENERAL BURGOTNE.)

FOR tenderness fram’d in life’s earliest day,
 A Parent’s soft sorrows to mine led the way:
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And e’er words were my own, I speke in a sigh.

The

The Nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd Dove,
 The warbl'd complaint from the suff'ring grove,
 To youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new ;
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion still rest in the glow !
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know !
 Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 May the spark drop from reason that wakens the
 flame !

EPIGRAM,

ON THE RUN OF THE COMEDY OF THE HEIRESS.

" How's this," says Sir *Fretful*—" the HEIRESS
 again ?

Why when will this Comedy cease ?"—

Not soon, cries a Wit ; and the reason is plain—

On trial—she's found—a *good piece*.

E P I G R A M.

IN THE LAST WRETCHED MOMENTS OF THE
FAMOUS DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S LIFE, AT THE
BLACK HORSE ALE-HOUSE, IN IMPINGHAM, HE
CALLED TO THE LANDLORD WITH GREAT VE-
HEMENCE FOR A POT OF ALE—WHEN THE
BRUTAL FELLOW SAWED OUT FROM A BACK
ROOM, "YOUR GRACE IS IN A PLACID HURRY;
"I'LL COME AS SOON AS I HAVE FED MY PIGS."
—THIS CIRCUMSTANCE SUGGESTED THE FOL-
LOWING EPIGRAM:

"SOME ale! some ale! th' impetuous Villiers
cries;

To whom the furly landlord thus replies:

"Hug on your Grace! you treat me like a dog!

I'll serve your Lordship—when I've serv'd my hog."

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM AN ELEGANT POEM, WRITTEN BY M. A. T——R, ESQ. ENTITLED, “ REFLECTIONS IN THE ABBEY.” ON THE ACQUIESCENCE OF THE TREASURY BENCH WITH THE MINISTER’S MEASURES.

A S I M I L E.

LO Chanticleer, at the approach of day,
Tunes his shrill pipe, begins his matin-day;
While all the neighb’ring hens their fav’rite woo,
And to his “ cock-a-doodle” join their “ doo.”

MR. L——’S ADDRESS, OF OCTOBER 9, 1785,
TO THE WORTHY FREEMEN OF LANCASTER.

TRANSLATED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.

IN my cousin’s great name (I acknowledge none
greater,
~~—I know mighty well that I am—but his creature)~~
On account of the extraordinary success that I’ve
found,
For right honest freemen, in beating his ground,
I print this here paper, to thank you—and shew
Some secrets the world ne’er expected to know.

But first—to your wisdom all proper applause ; —
 You've shew'd it, my friends, in this general cause
 Of Freedom—(yes, Freedom ; what name would they
 lend it)

By sending for ME—to conduct and defend it !
 Your assurance, support, and unbiaſſed aſſiſtance,
 Beſides all th' int'reſt I have at a diſtance,
 Muſt make ME your member, in ſpite of reſiſtance. }

I burn with impatience, (I mean as before) }
 My couſin—whoſe virtues the world muſt adore, }
 With your town to make up the liſt—half-a-ſcore. }

Oh ! could you but gueſs,—could you think—were
 it known,

How bleſt are theſe boroughs we hold as our own,
 You would urge, without ceaſing, your pray'rs and
 your pow'rs,

'Till—like Cockermonth—Lancaſter too ſhould be
 ours.

This done, man with man might again live a friend,
 For here all the ſtorms of Election would end.

Of Church or of State would you ſpeak, write, or
 ſing,

My couſin and I are exactly the thing—
 Videlicet,—my father, (to carry the farce on)

Is a kind of a Knight, and a kind of a Parſon ;
 And my couſin (of church-fruit the dragon-protector)
 Is a Baron, a Viſcount, an Earl, and Lay-Rector :

(In

(In the House, as a Statesman he has sometimes made
speeches,

As clergy, 'tis but in his life that he preaches)

In matters of Church, and in matters of State,

In private cabal, or in public debate,

We've a right, o'er all others, to make a d--mn'd
fuss,

For no change, in these things, can be better for us.

My cousin has churches almost without number, —

From the head of Saint Bees, to the banks of the

Hummer,

Which he holds with such care, that his barkers, the

Curates,

At all times don't get what, he owns, are their due
rates:

And as to the State, all your fears may repose,—

Who is it that leads Billy Pitt by the nose?

'Tis my cousin, for sure, we've Bill's letter to tell

How much he's beholden to us,—very well—

And how such a weight he could ne'er think to drag
on,

Without the kind aid of the Westmoreland waggon;

Besides,—but I must not discover too much,—

We aim at—you know what—it is something like

Dutch;

To a blind horse a wink's thought as good as a nod;

But 'twill be so—I hope in the King,—I mean God:

And

And then through your county his name will re-
 found,
 'Till above its as great as it is under ground,
 For churches as much as for coal-pits renown'd:
 It is this makes your priests (not their passions or
 whims)

Leave the service of Heav'n for the worship of Him-

My Congratulations these presents convey,
 And my eyes look prophetic to that happy day,
 Which now is approaching your rights to secure
 In th' impregnable grip of my cousin's vast pow'r,—
 Against all attempts of those turbulent elves,
 Who would give you the trouble, to choose for your-
 selves.

He'll restore you such rights, by one left-handed
 blow,

As your ancestor's had eighteen centuries ago,
 When so passive and mild ev'n the vulgar were grown,
 They presum'd not to say that their souls were their
 own.

In a cause that's so laudable, just, and all that,
 Ever sanguine I am,—though I don't know for what—
 Except 'tis the honour—that sense so refin'd
 Calls my wonderful cousin, appears to my mind.
 That pink of the word—on whom thousands each
 hour

Depend for three elements out of the four!

In

In his name I conjure ye, tho' mine stands below,
 That now, hand-in-hand, through this matter we go.
 'Tis all for the general good, I assure ye ;
 Success at this time will for ever secure ye.
 You and I need not fear any ills that may cross us,
 If we rest but our hopes on my cousin Colossus ;
 The welfare, prosperity, peace of this town,
 We wish—to direct, as may best suit our own.
 I am, Gentles, your servant, which makes me the
 prouder,
 To write underneath here, my name

JACKY LOUDER.

THE MINISTER.

AN ECLOGUE.

IN Imitation of Pope's MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Albion's isle, begin the song ;
 To courtly themes sublimer strains belong ;
 Ye nymphs of Albion's isle, leave meaner things !
 'Tis ours to sing of Ministers and Kings.
 O may that wond'rous Muse my voice inspire,
 Who fills great Warton's birth-day Odes with fire !
 That wond'rous Muse, who partial show'rs her grace
 on

Those heav'n-born Poets, *Cumberland* and *Mason*.

Rapt.

Rapt into future times the bard begun,
 Dame Esther shall conceive, dame Esther bear a son !
 From *Chaibam's* root behold a stem arise, :
 Whose branches all aspiring fill the skies ;
 O'er it the Treasury its sweet nectar pours,
 And in soft silence sheds its golden show'rs ;
 The young, the weak, the healing plant shall aid
 From storms and shelter, and from want a shade ;
 Party shall cease, and Faction stern shall fail,
 And Justice o'er the East shall poise her scale ;
 Returning Peace shall o'er that wretched land,
 At *Hafings'* nod extend her olive wand.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe be born !
 See *Dundas* hastes false flattery to bring,
 And *Nugent's* winter courts thy rising spring.
 See good *Earl Gow'r* prepares the pap and ladle,
 While Lords in waiting rock the bantling's cradle ;
 And *Se'wyn*, gentle soul ! fits nodding nigh,
 To tell it tales, and sing its lullaby.
 See Yorkshire Squires with clumsy pride advance,
 And led by *Wyvill*, round the cradle dance ;
 See spicy clouds from *Wyvill's* wig arise,
 Flow round the child, and all perfume the skies.

Hark ! a glad voice Saint Stephen's Chapel cheers,
 Prepare the way, a God ! a God appears !

A God !

A God ! a God ! the venal throng reply,
 And prostrate falling, hail the deity !
 Lo ! Earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down ye great ones, and ye small ones rise !
 With head declin'd, great North, thy homage pay !
 Be silent, Fox ! ye patriots all give way !
 The Premier comes—by *Jenkinson* foretold ;
 Hear him, ye boys !—ye placemen all behold !
 No grievance now Britannia's isle shall know,
 And light, once more untax'd, shall freely flow ;
 Proud Faction shall in strongest chains be bound,
 And her stern leaders feel th' eternal wound.

As royal Saul his father's asses led
 To cooling streams, and in rich pastures fed ;
 Their wand'ring steps by day directed right,
 And to protect them watch'd the tedious night.
 So he, * his long-ear'd troop securely guides,
 Where Treasury streams pour forth their golden tides ;
 Fed from his hands, they all his voice obey,
 And round their Lord in one grand chorus bray ;
 To heaviest loads their willing backs resign,
 And bear the smarting lash, and never once repine.

No more shall party against party rise,
 Nor ardent patriots meet with hateful eyes :

* The Premier.

No more shall powerful Pride her stern frown fix,
 And bid ag'd Wisdom not to be prolix.
 The clown shall see, with wonder and surprise,
 The humble cottage to a palace rise;
 Then, without aid of labour or of trade,
 In a short moment fortunes (shall be) made;
 For Hastings soon, his arms with conquest crown'd,
 His warlike brows with gems imperial bound,
 Shall to his chosen friends with lavish pride
 The treasures of the Great Mogul divide.
Richmond and *Rawdon* shall together feed,
 And boys in golden chains great *Thurlow* lead;
Dundas and *Rumbold* at one board shall meet,
 Drink mutual health, and shall unpoison'd eat:
 Time-serving *Mulgrave* shall join hand in hand
 With *Rose* and *Steel*, and *Billy's* boyish band;
 Pleas'd, they his rugged visage shall survey,
 And with his venom'd tongue shall innocently play.

With glory crown'd, Imperial George arise!
 Exalt thy royal head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race Saint James's Court adorn!
 Children from Eton, boys but newly born!
 In crowding ranks on every side resort,
 Demanding places, pensions from the Court.
 See supple Members at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy ways, and to thy idol bend.

For

For thee, fair India's spicy forests blow,
 And mounts of gold in thy Exchequer glow.
 But see Saint James's portals wide display,
~~Pill-burden~~ upon thee in the flood of day;
 All fall—~~dissolv~~'d in his superior rays;
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts:—that glory far shall shine
 Reveal'd—and Pow'r all absolute be thine.
 The Laws shall change, the Parliament decay,
 And Judges Liberty explain away;
 But, fix'd as Fate, thy regal pow'r remains,
 And shall for ever last, while thy great Premier reigns

E P I G R A M.

“ BROTHER Bucks, your glasses drain:—
 “ Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red.”
 “ Never fear—'t won't reach my brain :”
 “ No—that's true—but 'twill your head.”

E P I G R A M.

THE gay Flirtilla shew'd her mimic bust,
 And ask'd blunt Senso if 'twere fashion'd just;
 “ Ma'am,” he replied, “ in this 'tis much like you,
 “ The face is painted, and that badly too.”

RONDEAU

R O N D E A U,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON.
WILLIAM EDEN, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY,
AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF
COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS AT THE COURT
OF VERSAILLES.

OF EDEN lost, in ancient days,
If we believe, what MOSES says,
A paltry pippin was the price;
One crab was bribe enough t'entice
Frail human kind from virtue's ways.

But now, when PITT, th' all-perfect sways,
No such vain lures the Tempter lays;
Too poor to be the purchase twice,
Of EDEN lost.

The Dev'l grown wiser, to the gaze
Six thousand pounds a-year displays,
And finds success from the device;
Finds this fair fruit too well suffice
To pay the peace, and honest praise
Of EDEN lost.

A CON-

A CONGRATULATORY ODE,

TO MR. HASTINGS, ON HIS RETURN FROM INDIA.

NOT the *Fifth Charles* himself resign'd.

Th' Imperial throne o'er millions of mankind
With more applause, with more regret,
Than thou, when leaving India to her fate!

Long had'st thou reign'd, and worshipp'd as a god!
For tho' all knew thy pow'r, the good ne'er felt thy
rod :

You rul'd with such a just and gentle sway,
That to be happy was but to obey.

You soften'd war by all the charms of peace;
Made rapine fly abash'd, and all injustice cease :

Restor'd the British name
To a far fairer fame,
Than e'er before was known
Beyond the torrid zone ;

Shew'd George's godlike clemency on India's distant
throne !

While

While greatly thus employ'd,
 Your reputation here was oft annoy'd.
 But, like the diamond in Golconda's mine,
 The deeper it was cut the purer it did shine!
 And ev'ry stain or blot
 Was wip'd off by the gallant Scott;
 Whose talents triumph'd o'er mistaken foes,
 That deem'd you India's bane, not healer of her
 woes.

Now to your native soil retir'd,
 The more you're known, the more you'll be ad-
 mir'd.
 As a most able and an honest man,
 Whom wealth could ne'er seduce to any vicious
 plan.

One of the *very few* return'd across the line—
 Oh, prodigy divine!
 Without one worthy Indian's curse or hate,
 To four thy present great and happy state!

G A N G E S.

THE

THE BRITISH BEAUTIES.

YE gen'rous fair that light Britannia's isles,
 Rewarding patriot toils with bright'ning smiles,
 Tho' Vanity the ready ceruse lend,
 The feign'd carnations still tho' Fashion blend,
 Reject with scorn the dull factitious glow ;
 Where lurks disgust and dire disease below ;
 Worse than Pandora's vase, tho' seeming kind ;
 Curs'd rouge destroys—nor leaves e'en hope behind !

Believe the bard who thus presumes your praise,
 To you, who gives his first, his artless lays ;
 Not happier charms adorn the climes of earth,
 Than deck the favour'd Isle that gave you birth ;
 No tints more fine bloom on the lonely cheek,
 Nor forms more striking elegance bespeak ;
 And fairer still the radiance of each mind,
 Where Virtue dwells—by purity enshrin'd.
 And lo ! to prove the glories of our isle,
 Yon vale with added verdure seems to smile ;
 Transported zephyrs seem to fan the air,
 And hail the BRIGHT ASSEMBLAGE of our fair.
 Lo, MODESTY, in lengthen'd veil array'd,
 O'er each sweet nymph casts her pellucid shade ;
 And SENSIBILITY, with pearly tear,
 Each charm, with heighten'd lustre, bids appear.

VOL. II.

I

A thou-

Thousand hov'ring loves with roses crown'd,
 Strew the rich beauties of the spring around,
 Through the gay scene whilst fragrant odours breathe,
 And PLEASURE forms for each her happiest wreath.--

To lead the beauteous triumph of the day,
 See TOWNSHEND, sprightly as the radiant May !
 Fair as Aurora dawns in eastern skies,
 When Night's dull cone before her melting flies ;
 Perfect as had she been by Fate decreed,
 " A combination and a form indeed."—
 Whate'er of grace excursive Fancy views,
 When courted by the lover's ardent muse,
 Whate'er of symmetry e'en Sculpture knows,
 Nature on this lov'd favourite bestows.
 Illum'd by eyes that speak the soul refin'd,
 And sweet expression of th' ingenuous mind —
 In sprightly Innocence and Virtue's pride,
 Her sisters *, Graces, smiling on her side.
 Those gentle bosoms, ever honour's feat,
 Those forms with every excellence complete,
 The blushing rose that scents the ambient air,
 Breathes not more sweets, or shews a teint more fair.
 Yet not the vermeil cheek's enchanting glow,
 The lustrous bosom's animated show,

* Mrs. Gardiner and Mrs. Beresford.

The shapes where ease and dignity combine;
 The eyes that shame the product of the mine,
 Can pour the exquisite sublime delight,
 As when their mental beauties break to fight.
 Heav'n gave a form as its own angels fair,
 Their intellectual charms a mother's † care ;
 She watch'd each effort of the pliant mind,
 At length exulting saw them as herself refin'd.
 —So far retir'd in some sequester'd isle,
 A parent swan with tender anxious toil,
 Leads forth her cygnets on the liquid way,
 And spreads their plumage to the eye of day,
 Teaches to shun where rougher'd billows leave,
 And sail majestic o'er the lucid wave.

Majestic grandeur, every charm her own,
 To grace a peerage or adorn a throne ;
 With sweetness anguish'd, sorrow to beguile,
 With dignity still temper'd with a smile ;
 Such smiles as Raphael once midst Eden's shade
 Gave to that weakness which he came to aid.
 From Fashion's circle, free by sense inspir'd,
 To tranquil bliss has DEVONSHIRE retir'd ;
 No perfum'd flutt'ers there her peace annoy,
 No insipidity dilutes her joy.

† A mother-in-law, second wife to their father, Captain
 Montgomery.

Tho' blest with charms to grace the brilliant scene;
 To shades she flies as her fair self serene,
 Where Cherubs smiling to her view are giv'n,
 To cheer the soul in life's declining even;
 And far from Dissipation's luring voice,
 Connubial happiness rewards her choice.

See in the groupe the charming KEPPELS move,
 Form'd to inspire the soft'ning heart with love;
 The rosy lip—the seat of young desires,
 The piercing eye that flashes humid fires;
 The bosom heaving with each tender sigh,
 Proclaim aloud the melting danger nigh;
 Yet such the filken chains which they bestow,
 That Emp'rors might the sweet confinement know;
 Might leave the toils and pageantry of state,
 And share with KEPPELS their too happy fate.

With smile celestial MUSTERS comes along,
 That mocks th' exertions of descriptive song;
 Arch meaning lives within her sparkling eye,
 E'en when her lips the meaning arch deny;
 Each smiling look a smiling mandate gives,
 Each heart entranc'd the mandate soft receives.
 With varied charms she suits each flying hour,
 And in each beauteous change assumes new pow'r.
 In proud submission thus her slaves obey,
 And own the raptures of her gentle sway.

Array'd in ev'ry charm fair **BEAUCHAMP** draws
 By sweet unconsciouness increas'd applause.
 Tho' oft when beauty meets th' charming eyes,
 Her fatal mirror Vanity supplies,
 Then self-sufficient strikes attraction dead,
 And instant all the fascinations fled.
 But when on **BEAUCHAMP**'s form attention dwells,
 No tell-tale glance a secret pleasure tells ;
 No proud demeanour bids our eyes depart,
 Nor forc'd hauteur repells th' attracted heart.

As when some stars those placid lights display,
 From countless sources flow each living ray,
 In such close junction, **FARREN** can unite,
 Each source remote of exquisite delight ;
 Around that form the gaze of pleasure tells,
 With pow'rs magnetic, that attraction dwells,
 And sheds such influence o'er the obedient soul,
 As guides the needle to the distant pole.

Where through her mazes sportive Fancy leads,
 In fond pursuit, each ardent nymph proceeds,
 Strains ev'ry thought, each eager effort tries,
 " To catch the fashions living as they rise,"
 That secret art expence can ne'er bestow,
 Which taste must dictate—taste alone can know—
 Which to each captive heart gives strange alarms,
 To **SAWBRIDGE**'s lovely shape imparts new charms ;

And thro' each change which varying mode commands,
Unfolds some beauty or some grace expands.

With Music's finest pow'rs fair LINLEY's grac'd, *
The brilliant finger, the superior taste ;
The genius happy and the skill profound ;
And ev'ry art that gives a soul to sound ;
Whilst bright-ey'd Fanny from her glowing urn
Pours forth " the thoughts that breathe, and notes
that burn."

The strains she gives with highest rapture fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought ;
Tho' pow'rful yet precise, tho' rapid clear,
Each sound with sweet distraction meets the ear ;
By echo borne soft undulations float,
And hearts responsive vibrate to each note.

See gay Euphrosyne now trips along—
Her hand displays the mirth-diffusing song ;
Care shrinks appall'd before her sprightly pow'rs ;
When MARTYR sings, light dance the happy hours !

* Mrs. L. Sheridan.

IMPROMPTU.

I M P R O M T U,

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE TEMPLE, ON THE
SIGHT OF ONE OF THE CROYDON BELLES, IN
THE COURT AT KINGSTON, DURING THE
ASSIZES.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing the heart?
You, my fair one, may cry "Laws and Court I
defy you;"
Concluding no *Peers* can be summoned to try you.
But think not fair *Shorey* this plea will insure you,
Since the *Graces* and *Muses* will just make a Jury.

E P I G R A M.

TO MR. PITT, ON HIS TAX ON WOMEN.

A Tax on *Women* to impose,
Is surely, Sir, a sin!—
Why should you try to punish those,
Who never took you in?

May, 1785.

ON A ROSE.

WHAT beauty has the rose!

But ah ! how soon it flies !

How very soon it dies !

The life of man thus flows.

While youth and vigour meet,

He revels joyfully ;

A few, few years pass'd by,

He's trodden under feet.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. BURTON, BY THE
PRESENT MASTER OF WINCHESTER.

ADDRESSED TO HIS SCHOLARS.

BATHE not for me, dear youths, your mournful
lays

In bitter tears : o'er blooming Beauty's grave

Let Pity wring her hands. I, full of years,

Of honours full, satiate of life, retire,

Like an o'er-weary'd pilgrim to his home ;

Nor at my loss repine. Yet the last prayer

That

That from my struggling bosom parts shall rise
 Fervent with you: May Wickham's much-lov'd
 walls
 Be still with science, fame, and virtue blest ;
 And distant times and regions hail his name !

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM,

BY MR. TYRWHITT,

ON A TEA-CHEST OF MRS. HESSEN'S, MADE OF
 OLIVE-WOOD, WHICH WAS FOUND AT ATHENS
 BY MR. STUART.

IN Attic fields, by fam'd Ilissus flood,
 A tree to Pallas sacred once I stood ;
 Now, torn from thence, with graceful emblems dress'd,
 For Mira's tea I form a polish'd chest.
 Athens, farewell—nor yet do I repine
 For my Socratic shades and patroness divine.

THE PRIEST AND DOCTOR.

AN ECGLOGUE.

ADDRESSED TO THE ABERGAVENNIANS.

*Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)
Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur arbe.*

DINNER was ended, and with gentle sips,
* The *porter* glided between JOHNNY's lips ;
When, with ambition's fiery cares beset,
A reverend Justice, and old PHILO met ;
(PHILO, than whom, in this degenerate age,
A fouler rogue ne'er stain'd the Muse's page,
Nor JEFFRIES, from all ties of conscience free ;
Nor JEFFRIES, P ———, can compare with thee.)
The wights were met, that W—— might allow,
Which was the greater rascal of the two ;
When thus, their glorious contest to decide,
The Priest began, and Doctor thus reply'd.

* A custom lately adopted by that gentleman, of drinking
porter after dinner, out of a wine glass.

PRIEST.

PRIEST.

Parent of evil ! whose infernal power
 Grinn'd at my birth, and bless'd my natal hour !
 If to thy dogmas strict regard I've paid,
 And all thy rites, O LUCIFER ! obey'd,
 Assert my cause ! nor let old PHILO boast
 Himself the most abandon'd of thy host !
 So shall this instant, (favour but my lays)
 My sacerdotal ornaments all blaze ;
 Flame shall thy altars, with unwonted fire,
 And outward show (like inward faith) expire !

DOCTOR.

Hear me too, SATAN ! Never to thy laws
 Did Stygian Imp adhere, and own thy cause
 With firmness passing mine ! thou know'st full well,
 How many here ofore have victims fell
 By my dread art ! Say but " the palm is mine,"—
 My six next patients gasp beneath thy shrine.

PRIEST.

And durst thou then, with me dispute the prize ?
 Thou mean retailer of stale hackney'd lies !—
 With me !—whom fate, and human laws design'd
 To preach repentance, and to gull mankind !—

To grind the faces of the poor, to wreak
 My vengeance on the old, infirm, and weak ;
 Forgetful of my birth, with lordly pride,
 To spurn the aged suppliant from my side.
 To act the hypocrite, with treach'rous wile,
 The great with specious justice to beguile.—
 Deeds such as these confirm thy rival's claim !—

DOCTOR.

Cease, witless boaster, thus to puff thy fame ;
 Trifles, like yours, the world indifferent views,
 Each upstart rogue such beaten track pursues ;
 A far more glorious aim directs my cares,
 To torture innocence with groundless fears,
 To spread with malice the officious tale,
 To publish errors, and good works conceal,
 To brand with satire, or expressive sneer —
 My soul's far better part—that is—when near ;—
 To forge the lie, to urge another's fate,
 And firmly, what I never heard, relate,
 Is mine—Hence none my bold commands dispute,
 Nor with rash sauciness deny my suit ;
 My haughty soul can no resistance bear.—
 I feel no shame.—Ah ! could I feel no fear !

PRIEST.

PRIEST.

I too false vows, and artful tricks have us'd,
Nor fraud, nor deep invention e'er refus'd.—
Not all in vain—for T—— is the prize,
Him has my daughter fetter'd down with ties;
O! how she joys to find the Cully fast,
And see herself *a'most a wife at last*;
Fool that he was! thus stupidly to bend
His silly neck to serve—a humble friend,

DOCTOR.

Whilst villainy unhack'd thrives apace,
By constant habit mail'd against disgrace,
Who would be honest, merely to secure
Praise without bounty, which must keep him poor?
Releas'd at length from Honesty's hard chain,
Nor *tender Father* stil'd, nor upright man,
Disorb'd, the planets shall eccentric roll,
And wild confusion seize the boundless whole,
Ere he, who erst has dar'd to —— his wife,
Shall cease to lead a most infernal life.

PRIEST.

Sooner shall fish through plains of Ether fly,
Or thou, my honour'd patron, cease to lie.

Sooner

Sooner shall T—nēr, for a brave man pass,
And, my son, Billy, not be thought an ass,
Than e'er the world, ill-judging shall proclaim,
That, P——, ceas'd to be a rogue through shame.

DOCTOR.

When men of common sense can patient sit,
Applauding W—wright's buffoonry for wit;
When Mrs. M—— neither drinks, nor swears,
Nor *rates her maids*,* nor pulls poor Grey-pole's ears;
When thou, my arbiter, asserts thy pow'r,
Discard'st thy minion, and keep'st a whore,
Then, and then only, will I yield the prize,
Due to my slaughters, treachery, and lies.

W——.

Cease for a while, my friends, your tuneful lay,
'Tis † Thursday—Betty calls—I *must* obey.
Not mine th' important difference to compose,
Which is the greater rogue the Devil knows:
Away—for sure his Devilship's horns I see,
O! Satan! Satan! take them both for me.

* Caveant Xantippes.

† Assembly Afternoon.

FASHION:

FASHION: A SATIRE.

BY MR. SHILLITO.

SWEET Goddess! who in ev'ry clime and age,
 Hast fir'd the Saint, the Hero, and the Sage;
 Whose powers can each fantastic bliss impart,
 Thrill with keen extacy the human heart,
 And teach full many a votary to swing,
 Graceful, to Stygian shores; thy charms I sing!

Sweet Fashion, see! she waves her magic wand,
 And lo! her ready slaves obedient stand.
 Here age and youth, and male and female, ape
 The same complexion, habit, size, and shape:
 Black, brown, and fair, in ev'ry point agree,
 The six foot giant, and the dwarf of three!
 Eager they croud before the awful throne,
 To gaze, to imitate, and be undone.

Young Marcus now has reach'd his nineteenth
 year,
 The boasted offspring of a noble peer:
 The various paths of taste he has explor'd,
 And still is nam'd the fashionable Lord;

Yet

Yet in one point young Marcus can't succeed,
Because, alas! the Fashion is to read!

Flora by most is thought to be a saint;
But still the reigning fashion is to paint:
And Flora's charms attract by various ways,
Each soul exulting with resistless praise.
The live-long week her face appears as pale
As op'ning lilies in Idalia's vale.
When Sunday comes, her lovely cheeks disclose
Each blushing tint that gilds Arcadia's rose.
Yet why, O cruel Fortune! hast thou given
Her power to charm but one day out of seven?
Hadst thou caress'd her with thy soft alarms,
And given her riches to improve her charms,
Eternal Fashion had adorn'd each grace,
And ev'ry day put on—her Sunday face!

Florio was witty, elegant, and gay,
The reigning Fashion prompted him to play;
Each throw was fatal, but the last the most,
He stak'd his last score acres, and he lost!
'I'll follow still the Fashion,' Florio said;
And forth to Bath the dice-struck hero fled,
And there plucks pigeons * for his daily bread!

* In the phraseology of the turf, to defraud.

Titus, a champion at the game of whist,
 No finish'd gamester ever could resist;
 For Titus, tutor'd in the modern school,
 Finds sure success in this unerring rule—
 ' Win fairly, if you can, aloof from sin;
 ' If not, at any rate, be sure you win.'
 Thus he, with this good maxim full in view,
 From Fashion gains one rule that Hoyle ne'er knew.
 Should trumps or honours fail him in the nick,
 He wins the doubtful game by one—odd trick.

Bardolph fought duels; and, to shew his skill,
 Pick'd quarrels with his friend, against his will:
 And many a hero his well-pointed thrust
 Has sent to mingle with his native dust.

At length, disease (that foe to human race)
 Rag'd in his veins, and peel'd his purple face:
 Four days he linger'd; ere the fifth was fled,
 The grisly phantom, Death, approach'd his bed.

' I come,' he cried, ' to lay thy honours low;
 ' In me prepare to meet thy mortal foe.'

The gallant Bardolph started at the sight,
 And begg'd one minute to prepare for fight.

' Thy pray'r is vain,' the King of Terrors cried.

' O! spare me, then,' the duellist replied,

' One second, e're thy dreadful stroke I meet;

' Alas! I never lack'd a second yet:'

' No

V E R S E S,

UPON THE YOUNGER BRANCHES OF THE ROYAL
FAMILY.

THE careful gard'ner, with unceasing toil,
Thick sets with tender plants his fruitful soil;
When grown, transplants the labours of his hand,
Some here, some there, around his native land!

So may this Isle be nursery of the world!
May various nations, with their sails unfurl'd,
Transport these flowers, which on this land have
grown,
Proud to transplant them early on their own!

Then, whil'st each British rose, in blushes dress'd,
Some Prince shall gather, to adorn his breast,
The paler rose with them shall fear to vie,
And FRANCE's jealous lilies droop and die!

W I N T E R.

THE sun withdraws his forceful ray,
In vapoury clouds he veils his head,
And Winter half obscuring day,
Arises from his icy bed:

Impetuous

Impetuous whirlwinds form his train,
Thick clouds and darkness round him lour,
He drives his blasts o'er every plain,
And Nature shrinks aghast, and owns his conquering
power.

The boisterous winds with ceaseless roar,
Bid the rough surges proudly rise,
Tempestuous beat the ravag'd shore,
And strive t' engage the frowning skies :
In snow built car with solemn pace,
Pale frost glides o'er the joyless plains,
He bids the raging waters cease
And binds the yielding waves with adamant
chains.

The trees resign their verdant hue,
And tremble at the whirlwind's sound,
The rose bespangled o'er with dew
No longer sheds its fragrance round :
All beauty fades and Winter dire,
Tremendous holds imperial sway,
The storms proclaim their powerful fire,
And bellowing round his throne, with horrors blast
the day.

If chance the breezes cease to blow,
 Deep in their rocky caverns bound
 The clouds emit the treasur'd snow,
 And brightness covers all the ground :
 Broad o'er the South the sun appears,
 And faintly points his noontide rays,
 A silvery brow the mountain bears,
 Nor sheds his hoary locks, nor feels th' enfeeble
 blaze.

When unadorn'd the pallid morn
 Faint opening shews the leafless grove,
 Oft let me tread the whiteped lawn,
 Or thro' the frozen valley rove :
 On thee, great Nature ! let me gaze,
 Retir'd in thy sequester'd bowers,
 Till Sol resumes his bright'ning blaze;
 And Spring with dewy hand awakes the vernal
 flowers.

THE ANSWER TO MRS. RUDD'S LETTER.

THE following letter was found by me in Merriion
 street: it was directed to Mrs. M. C. RUDD: As
 find that Lady has quitted the Belfast Inn, and a
 there is no name subscribed to the letter, I know o
 no method of conveying it to either the Person wh

WROT

wrote it, or her for whom it was intended ; I was therefore inclined to send it to a Newspaper ; but hearing they are all bribed, I have taken this method of informing the right owner that she may get her original letter, by sending her servant to me, at the Cock and Punch-Bowl in Barrack-street, Dublin.

DAVID SIMPLE.

THE LETTER.

TO MRS. M. C. RUND.

Received, my dear daughter, your letter at dinner,
And should think from your rashness, you're but a
beginner,

Thus abruptly to open our little connection,
And our family-secrets expose to detection ;
To betray the slight fault of a critical moment
To the sneer of the Court, and the Patriots' comment.
Were it not for that letter, you mischievous Devil,
I perhaps had been now the Viscountess MACKS-

WIVIL.

For know, that already, so high is my station,
I have handled *that sceptre* which governs the nation.
The true Council-board is the board that I keep,
And the sole bed of Justice is that where I sleep :

For

For here 'tis the fashion, as well as in France,
 —Those precide o'er the realm who precide o'er the
 dance.

The prudibest Dames now leave cards at my door,
 And I'm courted by those who despised me before.
 The Candidate-Peers ask my interest and vote,
 With flatt'ry each day, and sometimes a Bank-note.
 This day I was levèed by Sir Thomas Humdrum
 Who wants me to make him Lord Baron of Dun-
 drum.

Sir Charles came to me, no man could look sadder,—
 He expected e'er this to be Lord *Castle-bladder*.

Sir Archy has offer'd to double my fees,
 If I'll forward his Patent, and hasten home L—s;
 He talked of a *motion*; he knew not for what,
 The paper was blotted, the words were forgot;
 Then he voted against what himself had propounded;
 The Commons all laugh'd; he and R—s were
 confounded.

But a fumbler I hate; and it ne'er was my notion,
 To prefer any man who is bad at a *MOTION*.——
 This Sir Archy M'Doodle's afraid we are cheating,
 Because we have kept him just ten years in waiting:
 To enquire for his patent he came here at noon,
 And get it he must——but I think 'tis too soon.

The

The soldiers come swaggering, and curling and
 fweearing,
 Against the damn'd Rebels, who're now past all
 bearing,
 And say that the Ministry are but mere botches,
 To oppose them with armies, when two parish
 watches,
 Array'd and commanded by Constable B——n,
 Would soon pull the Yankies and Washington down.
 Jack Prancer comes here to complain of his losses,
 And says that of late he meets nothing but crosses.
 But what can he do though he makes such a pother?
 —Grown too dull for *our* side, and too blasted for
 A' other.

He makes me long speeches to prove his devotion,
 And swears that my smiles shall be Coll--ge promotion:
 If I'll put off th' Elections till * June for his sake,
 Then he'll send me two Members to keep me awake.
 Jack Copperface comes here to study morality,
 And I own that he presses with great cordiality.
 On the fair for protection he still does depend,
 For *Biddy* was, once, and now I am his friend.
 Nay, Orator F——d came and offered me hansell,
 If W——n I'd make the succeffor of M——ll;

* At which time there will be an Election of Sch——rs of the
 house.

And who is so fit that great Lawyer to follow,
As W——n the sneering, the pert, and the shallow?
As for M——ll, you know, for that bench I have
fix'd him,

Where Judge Diddle does nothing—that he may
assist him.——

Jack Kiljoy, to shew he obeys my commands,
Now darns his brown breeches, and washes his hands.
'Squire C——hl——n's my plague; he is pest'ring me still
For a pension to pay off his washwoman's bill.

As for J——ph——n, in vain he employs all his arts,
He's a man I can't bear—tho' the fellow has parts—
E'en the B——ps come here, in their gold fring'd gloves,
Lascivious and grave——like so many black doves;
They tell me old C——ll's now dying indeed—
And Cl——ne is too young yet his Grace to succeed:
Poor D——bl——n they fear (Ch——st preserve him!) is
sinking,

Tho' none's more *abstemious in eating and drinking*.——
They fall at my feet, and my *Dickey* they pluck,
They kiss it, and bless it, and bid it——good luck.
Thus you see, my dear CAR, what a task I've on hand,
For me, poor weak woman, to govern this land;
I have no time at present for nat——ral affection;
But hereafter depend on my fondest protection;
'Mongst the *Army-Contingents* your name shall be placed,
On that list which before by Tom All——n's was graced.

'Tis

'Tis true you're no foldier—but what's that to me?
 I am sure you have seen as much service as he.
 As for old *Concordatum*—that fund is all spent,
 In bribing the freemen, and paying my rent.
 Lord L—nes—gh and Barton are now going round,
 Through all their acquaintance, to raise forty pound;
 A fine ball I will give, if that sum they can gather,
 And there *you* shall appear, with a fine Ostrich
 feather.——

Accept this short letter. I'll soon write another.
 Hark!—his Lordship's below.——Your affectionate
 Mother.

THE TAYLOR,

A CRAZY TALE,

INSCRIBED TO THE LADIES OF BRIGHTON.

BY A DIPPER.

IN England, there are some professions,
 'Gainst which all men have prepossessions,
 The name of *Taylor*, when translated,
 Will only pass
 For a mere *ass*,
 An *ass*, by all *ill-spoken of*, *ill-treated*.

K 2

Nay

Nay wicked wits have said what's worse,
 " A *Taylor*, came in with the curse,
 To Brambles, is a younger brother;
 That, make the most of him you can,
 He's but the *ninth* part of a man."

But wherefore all this noise and pother?
 Tho' he sits cross-leg'd at his work,
 It's only sitting like a *Turk*,

And Turks were always *women's* men,
 From *Bajazet* to *Kouli Khan*.

To prove that *Taylors* are the same;

One of the order,

Having leisure,

Not to get rid of a disorder,

But merely for his pleasure,

From *London* to *Brigbtelmstione* came;

One night, strolling about the streets,

A beauteous maid, my *Taylor* meets,

Well turn'd each limb, divine each feature,

Full of good wishes, and good nature.

Our *Taylor* was not muse,

But thus began his suit:

" Fairest of all the fair, attend my lays,

Lift to the sounds I utter in thy praise:

Bright are thy damask cheeks, in colour vie,

With the rich scarlet cloth's most costly die.

Thy swimming eyes outshine the glossy jet,

Rival the buttons made of *marqueset*.

Thy

Thy lips, thy ruby lips, to me appear
 Like the red cabbage steep'd in vinegar.
 Then be not like the *cucumber*, so cold,
Maidens, like *fashions* will, in time grow old.
 Come then, delay not, let us walk, my fair,
 And taste the sweetness of the midnight air."

Such words what maiden could resist,
 Her virgin fears were all dismiss,
 The night was dark, all things were hush,
 And *in the dark* she need not blush:

Or if she should, it is not seen,
Nor can be felt—that's all I mean.

So, *nothing lost*, with him she run,
 First to the beech, then shady grove,
 Which frolic Pan, and Neptune love,
 Where this poor damsel was undone.

And, *as she tells*,
 Her bark so blown, and tempest tost,
 'Twas over-set, nay almost lost.

But all the *Belles*,
 Turn up their noses, and cry—*for*,
 This *Taylor* story can't be true,
 Pray, Madam, what think you, and you?
 One half at least must be a lie!
 Yet the *machine* I saw to day,
 And in the fields are marks, *they say*,
 No less than *six in seven hours*!
My stars! Oh *Lud!* Oh *Heavenly powers!*

Ladies be patient—I advise,
 You *all attend at the Affize*,
 Where this poor Caitiff will be tried,
 Then you shall *all* be satisfied.
 Great wigs will make the matter plain,
 But if you cannot wait 'till then,
 I'll tell you how—with a grave face,
 The learned judge will *ope* the case;

And 'twill appear,
 To every stander-by most clear,]
 This *Taylor*, not having the fear
 Of God before his eyes,
 Both law and punishment defies.

Did with CLUBS, STAVES, PISTOLS, and SWORDS,
 FIRELOCKS, and FORCE, and WICKED WORDS,

ENTICE AWAY,

TREPAN, BETRAY,

This SPINSTER to the Ocean's shore,
 And *there*, as sundry times before,

BRING INSTIGATED BY THE DEVIL.—

The curious Pair,

Note this care;

Induc'd this damsel to do *evil*.

Now, my good girls, an INSTIGATOR,
 In such a ticklish matter,
 May be, I think, fairly defin'd

A PARTNER, in the whole affair,

This solves the problem to a hair:

A Devil,

A *Devil*, and *Taylor*, when in arms,
 Do all by *Spells*, *Magic* and *Charms* ;
 Had there been *seven* instead of *one*,
 Unless he is belied,
 All the whole *seven* had been undone,
 At least he would have *tried*.
 Think of his *provest*, and his *youth*,
 Then answer, *if you can*, with truth ;
 Should the wise sages of the law,
 Condemn to *death*, for this *faux pas*,
 But give the option of a ring,
 If he prefers it to a *swing*,
 Tell me, to ransom *such* a life ;
 Which of you would not be his WIFE ?

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, March 13, 1786.

WHEREAS a grace for preventing entertainments
 in private rooms, lately passed in the University of
 Cambridge, has been put in execution with such
 strictness (particularly in one or two of the Colleges)
 as to occasion great inconveniencies to many of the
 younger members of the University, all which would
 be effectually remedied even by a moderate knowledge
 of that most useful science of *Cookery* ; *Miss Diana*

K 4

Young,

Young, having been repeatedly solicited upon the occasion, is induced, from motives of philanthropy, to take this opportunity of informing those gentlemen of the University, who, having been already convinced of the great advantage of a proficiency in the science of Cookery, may be desirous of making themselves masters of that science, that (without the permission of the Vice Can.) she intends in a short time, by the Grace of God, to give a course of lectures in Mrs. Glass's Cookery; and has taken a commodious room for the purpose near Caius Coll. As she understands that the gentlemen of Trinity Coll. in particular labour at present under the greatest inconveniencies from the late restrictions, she flatters herself her lectures will be peculiarly acceptable to the greater part of that truly respectable society: And as she is told that the gentlemen of Caius Coll. are great advocates for pre-eminence in the higher branches of Cookery, she humbly hopes for encouragement from that society alone. Miss D. Young, having had the honour of practising her profession in one of the first families in Norfolk, in the vicinity of Norwich, doubts not that her lectures will meet with the approbation she is confident they deserve.

The intention of them is to perfect gentlemen, who may be desirous of attempting that very useful branch of natural philosophy, in it, from its very elements
to

to its most sublime parts. In pursuance of this intention, the first course will commence on Monday, March 20th, 1786, with the nature, construction, &c. of the genuine *Norfolk Dumplin*. An analysis of the various combinations of other articles in which flour is the principal ingredient. In the second course will be comprised the most expeditious, as well as desirable methods of dressing the most admired dishes, in the strictest conformity to the present taste; likewise all kinds of made dishes, as well French as English. In the third and last course will be delivered, in a manner entirely novel, entertaining and instructive, the whole doctrine of sauces; to conclude with a short disquisition upon the most supremely elegant science, Confectionary,—A science which is now universally requisite to the completion of a University education.

E P I G R A M.

TOM SLEDGE, the Blacksmith, by his frequent whets,

And spending much, contracted many debts.
In this distress he, like some other fools,
Pull'd down his forge, and sold off all his tools;
Nothing was left that would fetch any price,
But after all was sold, he kept his VICE.

S O N N E T,

ON ECHO AND SILENCE.

BY GEORGE BRYDGES, ESQ.

IN eddying course, when leaves began to fly,
 And Autumn in her lap the treasure strew,
 As mid wild scenes I chanc'd the muse to woo,
 Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
 Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute, I spy :
 And lo ! she's gone—in robe of dark green hue,
 'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew ;
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky,
 In shade affrighted, Silence melts away ;
 Not so, her sister. Hark ! For onward still,
 With far-heard step she takes her hasty way,
 Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
 Ah ! may the merry maid, in mockful play,
 With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill !

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M

ANDREWS, 'tis said, a Comedy has writ,
 Replete throughout with Novelty and Wit.
 If it has Wit,—to *both* will I agree ;
 For *Wit*, from ANDREWS, must be *Novelty*.

O N D R. P R E T T Y M A N.

OF old—to *to speak bome truths*, the great
 Maintain'd a Fool, of tongue so glib :—
 PITT has improv'd the plan of late,
 And wiser—kept a Fool to *fib*.

O N T H E S A M E.

FIB on, O PRETTYMAN!—for pay :—
 —And thou, O PITT, *fib* too !
 More *against Truth* you cannot say,
 Than Truth has said '*gainst you*.

AN ELEGANT PARAPHRASE OF A GREEK ODE OF
 ALCÆUS, BY SIR WILLIAM JONES THE ORIEN-
 TALIST, (a) HAS BEEN MUCH ADMIRERD. IT HAS
 GREAT BEAUTIES; BUT IT IS TOO FLOWERY
 AND REDUNDANT, TO RESEMBLE THE SPIRITED
 BREVITY AND SIMPLICITY OF THE ORIGINAL.
 THE FOLLOWING (WRITTEN BY A FELLOW-COL-
 LEGIAN AT OXFORD, JUST THEN, IN 1740, EN-
 TERED AT ST. JOHN'S, WHO IS NOW, IF HE BE
 STILL LIVING, THE REV. DR. J——N D——N)
 WAS THOUGHT, AT THE TIME, EXPRESSIVE OF
 THE GENUINE PRINCIPLES OF A CONSISTENT
 WHIG, AND WELL ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION,
 WHICH WAS THE FAMOUS DEBATE, ABOUT THE
 STANDING ARMY, AND THE PLACE AND PENSION
 BILL.

WITH civic wreath of English oak,
 Freedom, that air-drawn axe bedeck,
 By Wyndham brandish'd for a stroke
 At thine (b) apostate Walpole's neck.
 Arm,

(a) Vide, *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, Vol. 3. p. 268.

(b) Compare his patriotic speeches in Parliament, during the
 four last years of Queen Ann, the arguments, especially of his fa-
 mous oration at Sacheverell's trial, with the conduct of the Mini-
 ster,

Arm, arm thy Pulteney's, Wyndham's hands,
Clean from Corruption's baleful stain,
To rescue George from Faction's bands,
And break a nation's galling chain.

Hark ! for the new-ground axe, adorn'd
With civic wreath, Minerva calls.
Her altar long the miscreant scorn :
There doom'd, thy victim, Freedom, falls.

'Midst Albion's Peers, (c) in Wisdom's sanc-
Shall Walpole think to skulk secure ?
Pallas, thy temple shall disdain (d)
To screen, Corruption's fount impure.

Arm.

ster, so flagrantly guilty of undermining the solid props of our excellent constitution, and so justly called, *The Father of Corruption*. It was he, that reduced it to, a regular system; that openly avowed it, as his sole art of government; whilst his shameless defence of it was echoed, on all sides, by his devoted senate, his Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and Right Reverend creatures.

(c) So called in poetry; in prose, the hospital of incurables.

(d) No such thing. He enter'd it in triumph, two years after, in February 1742. On the same day, his *clean-handed* antagonist was admitted to shake hands with him, in the Privy Council, and a few months after, in the House of Lords.

N. B.

Arm, Freedom, Pallas, arm their hands,
Clean from Corruption's baleful stain,
To rescue George from Faction's bands,
And break a nation's galling chain.

Freedom, conspicuous o'er thy shrine,
The names of Wyndham, Pulteney place ;
Where Brutus and Timoleon shine,
Which Hampden, Sydney, Russell grace.

O'er all inscribe, in burnish'd gold,
Clean from Corruption's baleful stain,
Thy Brunswick. Freed himself, behold !
He breaks the nation's galling chain.

N. B. Upon Lord Orford's advancement, the following Epigram was handed about, which, some shrewd politicians suspect, will soon be found applicable to Lord North.

Phœbus, his course of duty run,
Setting, becomes a rising sun.
The luminary of our skies,
Like Phœbus, only sets to rise.

ON SEEING MR. FOX AND MR. HASTINGS AT
CHELTENHAM.

" *Exredit Hastings, pacatis regibus Indi,*
" *Anglorum et posito nomine, et imperio,*
" *Ecce flet nuptes, annisq; fabula Burki,*
" *Faucibus hæret, ehoe! Dic, age, dic Sberidam."*

FROM Eastern climes, lo Hastings ! late return'd,
His struggles ended, and his fame well earn'd,
(a) Illustrious Statesman ! to a distant age,
'Thy name shall live, and grace th' historic page;
There (b) licens'd falsehoods shall no more prevail,
Nor Doddsley publish (c) Edmund's annual tale.

When

(a) Mr. T. Pitt who moved the address upon the peace, in Lord Shelburne's administration, declared in the course of his speech, that he had no fears for India while so illustrious a statesman as Mr. Hastings directed our councils, and so great a general as Sir Eyre Coote commanded our armies. This declaration was the more honourable for Mr. Hastings, because at that time the absurd prejudices of the Rockingham party had misled half the nation.

(b) We can all recollect with what diligence copies of the reports of the Select Committee were circulated under the sanction of the last ministry, and how many false and abusive libels were given away through the kingdom, tending to depreciate the character of Mr. Hastings, previous to Mr. Fox's bringing in his India Bill.

(c) Mr. Burke has published a speech almost every year since he came into notice—we refer him to his friends, Lord North

When France exulting, deem'd our ruin near,
 And Hyder's progress struck each Chief with fear;
 When hostile nations press'd in league combin'd,
 Collected, firm, and dauntless was thy mind;

and Mr. Fox, in order to settle to whom the loss of America is to be attributed—these fearless men having so often and so virulently in the House of Commons differed upon the subject. In the same House of Commons Mr. Burke has boasted of his correspondence with Doctor Franklin, at that time declared by the laws of this country to be a traitor and a rebel. It does not therefore appear so totally without foundation that Lord North has charged the loss of America to Mr. Burke, and those with whom he acted—but whether he is right or wrong in the part he took as to America; whether he had grounds or not for taxing Lord Rodney with violating the law of nations at St. Eustatius, or Lord Cornwallis with sacrificing the Loyalists in Virginia, we know he has been miserably mistaken in all his Indian statements—Witness his seeing the ghosts of the Patna magistrates hovering over the heads of the members in the House of Commons—men who are in health and prosperity at this hour: witness his lamentations for the fate of Almas Ally Cawn and his miserable family—a man to whom Heaven and his sovereign have been very indulgent, and who enjoys at this moment every terrestrial pleasure; that the inhumanity of his parents or his masters inflicted fifty years ago, will permit him to enjoy: witness the stories of Sujah Doulah's Begums, their eunuchs, and the two thousand women: witness the wars set on foot by Mr. Hastings, and sunk in the ocean with the body of Major Davy; with many other tales too tedious to repeat.

Inspir'd.

Inspir'd by Hastings, (d) Coote the seasons brav'd,
Embark'd his succours, and a kingdom sav'd.

(e) Goddard at his command our standard bore,
Through lands to England's sons unknown before ;
While Popham's victories rais'd our country's fame,
And fix'd, in realms remote, the British name.

(d) All parties have agreed in warmly approving the spirited exertions of Mr. Hastings on the first invasion of the Carnatic—His minute upon that occasion is universally allowed to be the first prose composition in the English language, and the preservation of the British empire in India depended upon Sir Eyre Coote's safe arrival at Madras with money and troops at the most dangerous season of the year, when merchant ships seldom venture upon the coast.

(e) General Goddard marched from Cerah to Surat, across the Continent of Indostan, and since the conclusion of the peace the same army returned to Bengal under the command of Colonel Charles Morgan, through countries which we had formerly little knowledge of. Colonel Pearce marched at the head of five regiments of Bengal Sepoys from Calcutta to reinforce Sir Eyre Coote's army at Madras: this brave detachment was distinguished in every action: on the attack of the French lines at Cuddalore, one of the regiments was opposed to a French European regiment, and much of the success of that day is attributed to the spirited exertions of the Bengal detachment. Colonel Pearce, on the conclusion of the peace with Tippoo, marched this detachment back to Calcutta, where it was disbanded in the month of January.

(f) The

(f) The sued-for peace to Gualior's fall is due,
 And Gualior's capture long was Hastings' view.
 History shall tell how clos'd the scene of blood,
 When, to a world oppos'd Britannia stood ;
 No conquest Gallia claims on India's coast,
 No splendid triumphs can the Belgian boast. }
 (g) For millions wasted, and a navy lost.
 The keen Maratta, and the fierce Mysore,
 Their league dissolve, and give the contest o'er.

(f) The separate peace with Madajee Scindia was entirely owing to the capture of Gualior, and to the subsequent operations of a detachment formed by Mr. Hastings for the express purpose of drawing Scindia from Guzzerat, to the defence of his own dominions, and as a certain means of effecting a general peace.

(g) The war in India has cost France at least seven millions sterling, and at the close of it we were in possession of all the French and Dutch settlements on the continent of India, and were besieging their forces in Cuddalore when intelligence of the peace in Europe was received at Madras. Our fleet consisted of seventeen sail of the line, in complete repair ; the French of thirteen, many of which could not swim to Europe, and the whole unfit for further service ; for the very different manner in which we closed the war in India, when compared with our losses and misfortunes in the other quarters of the globe, we refer our readers to the much admired speeches of the present Lord Chancellor and Lord Walsingham, when Mr. Fox's India Bill was debated in the House of Lords,

And

And peace restor'd, e'en party owns, tho' late, (b)
 That Hastings' firmness has preserv'd the state.
 Succeeding ages this great truth shall know,
 A truth recorded by a generous foe, (i)

That

(b) We can all remember how much the Directors were divided at one period in their opinion of Mr. Hastings, and what stress Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke invariably laid upon this circumstance, that thirteen directors were of opinion he ought to be recalled in 1783, though ten of the same body, and 428 proprietors, most strenuously supported him. Many of the thirteen who voted his recal in 1783, were in the Direction this year, and cordially joined their brethren in an unanimous vote of thanks for his long, faithful and important services—This conduct is not less honourable to them than to Mr. Hastings. Mr. Dundas, in the month of May 1784, proposed a resolution to the last House of Commons for the recal of Mr. Hastings, but he never upon any occasion descended to personalities; on the contrary, he invariably spoke of Mr. Hastings with respect, though he erroneously conceived that Mr. Hastings had forfeited the confidence of the native Princes of India, and that his recal was necessary as a measure preparatory to peace: happily for the existence of the British Empire in India, this impolitic vote was resisted; peace was concluded by Mr. Hastings; and Mr. Dundas, the head of the Board of Controul, and the Minister for India, gave his full approbation to a vote of thanks transmitted last year to Mr. Hastings.

(i) Monsieur Law, late Governor of Pondicherry, in a memoir addressed to the French minister a few years ago, says, "In
 " an evil hour for France the English East India Company ap-
 " pointed

That England's genius, in a luckless hour
For Gallic schemes, gave Hastings lov'reign pow'r.

SKETCHES OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE RIGHT
HONORABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX, AND THE
RIGHT HONORABLE EDMUND BURKE, DELI-
NEATED IN VERSE.

Oratione Grandes, Nitidi, Venusti.

JOHNSON.

CURST be the man, who in these dubious times.
To fordid interest prostitutes his chimes,
And meanly stooping to its base controul
Confines the fallies of a free born soul.
As curst be he, whom fear or censure moves.
To hide his judgment of the man he loves.

"pointed Mr. Hastings Governor of Beagal;" and Monsieur Suffrein, in a letter to Mr. Hastings, relative to his treatment of English prisoners, says, that he wishes to explain the motives of his conduct to one, "of whom all the world speaks well;" and surely a compliment of this kind was never paid with more justice to any individual than to Mr. Hastings.—Throughout India, and Europe, the character of no man is more generally known, or more universally respected.

Say

Say, since the tide of Calumny runs high,
 And black'ning tempests rend the louring sky,
 Shall I ignobly linger on the strand,
 Nor dare to push my little bark from land ;
 But shrink with horror from the strife they wage,
 Nor brave the elements contentious rage ?
 Say, shall the clamors of the stand'ring crew
 Repress my feelings, and their warmth subdue ?
 Perish such thoughts. Be mine with honest aim,
 (Not seeking profit, and not courting fame,
 No dupe of party, and no slave of pow'r,
 No fawning minion of the present hour,)

To trace with steady, but with cautious hand
 Two glorious chieftains of the patriot-band,
 T' expose them fairly to their country's view,
 And give to merit, what is merit's due :
 Yet, think not meanly with insidious veil,
 I e'er will strive their failings to conceal ;
 No tints of mine shall lend their fav'ring aid
 To throw them backward in an artful shade,
 But o'er my verse, since freeborn names preside,
 Free be my verse, and dauntless truth my guide.

As in illustrious Cosmo's princely dome,
 Thy boast, oh Florence ! and thy envy Rome,
 Th' admiring stranger sees in order plac'd,
 The noblest monuments of ancient taste ;

To ev'ry different object he surveys,
 He gives the tribute of a general praise;
 But when at length his eyes enraptur'd view
 That fairest * form which ever artist drew,
 He fixes there his wonder, just no more
 He censures all that he had prais'd before,
 And with true transport feels his bosom-fill,
 Whene'er he views this boast of ancient skill;
 Whither he frequent turns his straining sight,
 With fresher wonder, and with new delight,
 So do thy merits, Fox, transcendent rise,
 And from thy rivals gain the glorious prize,
 Whosway'd by truth, must own thy juster claim
 To public favor, and to deathless fame.—

- If strongest sense to manly vigor join'd,
 Can chain th' attention, and convince the mind?
 If language nervous, eloquent and clear
 The soul can captivate, and charm the ear?
 If diction (rapid as the torrent's force
 'Whelming the mounds that seem to oppose its course)
 Which bows all hearers to its pow'rful will,
 Can raise our wonder at the speaker's skill?
 If pointed elegance, and classic wit
 Can gain th' applause of those their censures hit?

* The Statue of the Venus de Medici.

If

If a determin'd honesty which spurns
 At plunder'd wealth, and empty titles scorns,
 (The conscious soul in virtuous pride erect)
 In times like these claims notice and respect ?
 If a clear judgment, quick to penetrate
 Thro' all the various movements of the state ;
 To pierce the veil of subtle artifice,
 And point where safety, and where danger lies,
 Can, when inspir'd by gen'rous honest zeal,
 Exert its influence for the country's weal ?
 If all these *single* admiration claim,
 And *blended* constitute a speaker's fame ?
 Then dost thou, Fox, deserve that honor'd name : }
 For all these qualities in thee unite,
 To form our Champion, wonder and delight ;
 To bless whose eloquence, we see conspire
 The Roman's beauties, and the Grecian's fire.

But yet, alas ! th' impartial muse must blame
 Those faults which tarnish thy increasing fame.
 For much she grieves to see thee waste the bloom
 Of life's fair prime, and half thy years consume
 In Dissipation's haunts, to see so small
 Is Reason's sway oppos'd to Passion's call ;
 That thou, e'en thou, canst feel no manly shame,
 To stain the Patriot's with the Gamester's name.
 Sure not to thee the sordid arts belong,
 That brand with infamy the gaming throng ;

Whose

Whose midnight orgies in Disorder's fane
 No force can punish, and no laws restrain.
 No, 'twas example, in the heat of blood,
 Thy better reason to its pow'r subdued.
 'Twas Fashion's voice which hurried thee away,
 Whom young and old, the wise and fools obey.
 'Twas Fashion's voice, that check'd the rising sigl
 And bade thee each extreme of fortune try.
 Free from her bias, thou hadst never stray'd
 From Virtue's paths to seek th' unworthy trade ;
 Not all the wealth of Plutus's golden shrine,
 Would give true pleasure to a mind like thine.
 Rouse then, O Fox ! exert thyself, no more
 Let drooping Britain thy distress deplore ;
 Nor let her pensioned sons with sneering pride,
 Insult thy feelings, and thy want deride.
 Thy talents then shall juster wonder raise,
 No more eccentric as the comet's blaze ;
 But with *collected* Virtue's beaming light,
 Mild as the cheering sun refresh the sight.
 Thy rays shall then on ev'ry side dispense
 Their warm invigorating influence,
 Make peaceful nature all around thee smile,
 And with fresh lustre reillumine this isle.

Free from these errors, which his friend disgrac
 Burke in the Senate fills no humble place,

To form whose wreath, the bays and ivy join,
 And round his brows their graceful foliage twine.
 On him indulgent Knowledge pour'd her light,
 And her rich chart unfolded to his sight:
 Bade him undaunted dare to quit the shore,
 And the vast depths of literature explore.
 To him kind Fate has granted to condense
 The happiest fancy with the strongest sense :
 * On barren subjects, oft with skill he show'rs
 Wit's keenest shafts, and Fancy's choicest flow'rs ;
 Whose potent art, the jaded hearer charms,
 Awakes his feelings, and his spleen disarms.
 So when the traveller in the dreary waste
 Surveys the toilsome tract he just has past,
 And with increasing languor and dismay,
 Beholds the length'ning horrors of his way,
 Should some green shrub its head beside him rear,
 The sight unhop'd his drooping soul would cheer,
 Suspend his sorrows, lull his cares a while,
 And banish from his thoughts the fear of future toil.

His splendid language, bold, correct, and clear,
 With jarring discord ne'er offends the ear,

* These lines particularly refer to Mr. Burkes' justly-admired
 Speeches on American Taxation, and the Bill of Reform, which
 (unpromising as the subjects may be) are perfect models of oratorical
 composition, and peculiarly illustrate this remark.

But aptly chosen with the thoughts accords,
 And adds to nervous sense the grace of words.
 His copious diction winds thro' banks of flow'rs,
 And its clear stream in *equal* channels pours ;
 Save, when by gen'rous indignation swell'd
 In quicker tides we see its course impell'd :
 No pow'r can then its mighty rage restrain,
 Then roar the furges, and o'erflow the plain ;
 Beneath its force Corruption's minions fall,
 And the vast deluge overwhelms them all.

Proceed, O Burke ! the virtuous path pursue,
 And keep thy country's welfare still in view.
 What, though thou canst not boast the royal smile
 With place or pension to reward thy toil ;
 What, though from thee those glitt'ring toys are
 far,

The blushing Ribbon, and the splendid Star ;
 What, though no titles decorate thy name,
 An upstart lordling in the lists of fame ;
 A nobler meed is thine—thy country's love—
 This shall to thee the truest glory prove.
 This, when thou must to Fate resign thy breath,
 Shall gild with rapture in the hour of death ;
 And life's faint lustre trembling in thine eye,
 Shall tell thy parting soul, “ * thou shalt not die ;

* Non omnis moriar.

“ That

“ That distant ages, to thy merits just,
 “ Will raise to thee the laurel-wreathed bust.”

To that late test, where judgment cannot err,
 Illustrious pair, your merits I refer.
 Then, meaner stars obscured in endless night,
 The sun of truth shall rise supremely bright,
 Dispel the mists of parties noxious rage,
 Illume your names in Glory's fairest page,
 And bid you shine in each succeeding state
 The noblest models for the wise and great.

T O C L A R A.

COME, Clara! as the lily fair,
 Blushing, like the dew-kiss'd rose,
 You gurgling rill, shall sooth your ear,
 And Strephon, sigh thee to repose!

(What, tho' by persecuting Fate,
 The charms of luxury's deny'd,
 The empty farce, of servile state,
 And all the purple train of pride:)

Yet, if with me, you seek the plain,
 With me enjoy the rural cot,
 A happy, tho' a humble swain,
 “ Ye proud and great, I scorn your lot!”

T O C L A R A.

YE gentle gales! propitious blow,
 In pity aid a love-sick swain,
 As through fair ———'s fairy groves you flow,
 Whisper to Clara's ear, her Colin's pain!

Tell her, O tell her, while she views
 The purling rill, the proud cascade;
 Or now the sportive lambkin she pursues;
 Or charms with melody the list'ning glade:
 O gently whisper to her heart,
 While she diffuses life around,
 Death aims at Colin's breast his pointed dart;
 And beck'ning ghosts, hail with celestial sound!

T H E M I S A N T H R O P E.

NOR heaps of shining gold I crave,
 Nor Fashion! wish to be thy slave!
 To hide my follies, 'neath a star,
 Proudly to drive the gilded car,
 The midnight riot, morning bowl;
 These——no more shall charm my soul!

Nor ask I nymph as frail as fair,
 With pencil'd cheek and wanton air;
 I scorn her smiles and spurn her frown,
 Whose true to me, and half the town!

Nor

Nor do I crave with hounds and horn,
To gratulate the ruddy morn ;
Safely for me, the fox may go,
And meet in ev'ry squire a foe.

With scorn I view the Justice' chair,
Judicial brow, and legal stare :
Heav'ns ! shall the simple country lout,
His freedom lose for simpler trout !
Or 'cause I've hundreds two per year,
Fine and imprison, for a hare !

Nor do I wish 'midst piping peace,
Meekly to march, from place to place,
Arm'd like La Mancha's vet'ran knight,
—Yet rather us'd to eat, than fight.
The gilded coat, the fierce cockade,
The swelling port and sanguine red
—By heav'ns they often put me mad !

From the base Bailiff, at my door,
Up to the proud Lord Chancellor,
I hate all lawyers and the laws ;
Heav'ns ! could I plead in ev'ry cause !
First feel my fee, then view my brief ;
—And sue for Patriot, or for Thief !—

Of spirit proud, yet doctrine pure,
 Say, can I undertake a cure?
 With band and apostolic air,
 To make the new Jerusalem clear!
 To give in heav'n, yet rob on earth,
 To tax your burial and your birth,
 To pray you rich, yet keep you poor,
 Ye peasant train! I can't endure.

Nor dare I, (for at Freedom's name
 My breast beats high, my soul's on flame,)
 Assume the Patriot's honest face,
 And talk of wrongs,—yet mean a place!

From statesmen and their venal host,
 My bosom shrinks, like Banquo's ghost:
 To patch a shoe, or make a coat,
 To mend a kettle, or a pot,
 The foolish barber, thievish snip,
 Need sev'n long years apprenticeship;
 But, to uphold a sinking land,
 Armies to marshal, fleets command,
 To launch our thunders on the foe
 —All these self-taught our courtiers do!

See Sack——le hide, grown tir'd of war,
 His coward heart, beneath a star.
 See Sand——ch, base, deceitful, vain,
 Lose the wide empire of the main,

And

And dead to Britain's glories charms,
Sunk in a strumpet's venal arms!

Unknown to truth, and damn'd to fame,
What canst thou N—th from honour claim?
Thy country ruin'd and undone,
When wilt thou public bus'ness shun?
Some pious hope, I should suppose,
—We have some islands yet to lose!

Still may you lose, with lavish hand,
'Till vengeance rouse a sleeping land,
Then shall thy hapless country boast,
One victim, for an empire lost.

O let me troubled with the spleen,
And tir'd with such a rascal scene,
O let me seek—if yet remain,
* Ungiv'n to France, unclaim'd by Spain,
Nor yet by English statesmen lost,
Some lonely isle, some desert coast—
Whose cliffs, like thee Plinlemmon proud,
Exclude the noisy, knavish croud;
There live by Nature's, Reason's plan,
Nor blush to be that thing call'd Man!

* I am not sure but I may have here unwittingly imitated a line in Dr. Johnson's London, a Poem.

T O F O R T U N E.

BY ev'ry muse invok'd, in ev'ry clime,
 Yet constant foe, to all the sons of rhyme,
 May I the humblest of Apollo's train,
 Thy aid implore ? or dare I once complain ?

But why should tears distain poetic eyes,
 Hast thou not giv'n an empire in the skies ?
 There gods and demi-gods, wait our command,
 Tho' here no lacquey, nor one foot of land !

And, what if doom'd, to ride no earthly horse,
 (For so the laws of Pitt and Fate enforce)
 Let booted coxcombs, round us hum and buzz ;
 We need *no licence* to ride Pegasus.

Heav'n-born he eats no earthly corn and hay,
 Or stands at livery, at so much per day ;
 To Pindus top, the winged courser flies,
 And drinks at Helicon, without excise :

Revels, untax'd, at ev'ry hill and fount,
 Where great Apollo is Lord-paramount ;
 O could the muse, like him, unquestion'd rove,
 The crowded street and solitary grove,
 While, direr far than spectres fancy-flain,
 No duns assail, nor friendship asks in vain !

Yet

Yet if above such pleasures for us flow,
Heav'n knows there's few that we enjoy below—
Still curst the fate of ev'ry rhyming scribe,
For "suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe."

Methinks I see, by some vile peasant led,
Father of verse, great Homer, beg his bread;
To Mara's fate, if happier hours belong,
Was it his flatt'ry, or his magic song?

An exile, Ovid pens his wanton page;
Form'd to debauch, and please, an easy age;
At Sappho's fate, the loves and graces mourn,
Ah! cruel goddess! to deny an urn!

In happier times, in Charles's golden reign;
How oft did Dryden, at thy shrine complain?
Did patriot Milton, ever feel thy smile?
(At once the shame and glory of our isle!)
Beneath thy frown, did witty Butler pant?
Savage of ale, and Otway, die of want!

And still thy breast immortal hatred fires,
The sons are hapless, as their rhyming fires;
Lo! at thy nod they seek with eager feet,
The Bench, the Borough, Newgate or the Fleet;
Or in that sacred verge, by heav'n design'd,
(From Armstrong's hand, a refuge to mankind!)

At the Salopian, score their base bohea
—Till Heav'n and Beauchamp set the muses free!

But if more blest, some breathe the common air,
Is it unmark'd with scorn, unvex'd with care?
Far-fam'd Tokay, adorns the statesman's board,
Champaigne and ———'s sipp'd by ev'ry lord;
'The gamester's glass, with ruddy claret flows,
While the pale cheek, with unknown blushes glows!

But if the muse, should lady-like incline,
In spite of taxes, to drink odious wine,
I'm forc'd, with happier Horace, in my hand,
To quaff *Falernian* at a second hand;
And thank the Gods,—to bring the state relief,
No law has yet tax'd pudding and roast-beef!

Of all our tribe name but one happy man,
—Envy begone,—I hail thee Sheridan.
'The happiest songster in the muse's grove
With Fox's friendship blest, and Linley's love!

Yet fame aside, sum up his mighty gains,
The hard earn'd profit of his fertile brains;
Superior wealth, Gallini's purse conceals,
And Vestris owes the double to his heels!

Struck.

Struck with his fate, to write no more I vow;
 And pluck the fancied laurel from my brow;
 Yes, never more two lines of mine shall chime,
 Nor one gay period close with sounding rhyme!

Youth I resign, and joy and jocund health;
 But grant me fortune! grant me happier wealth!
 Yet if this bliss thy partial breast would grieve,
 Then with the fond belief, for once deceive!

And what, tho' ne'er with rapture I unfold,
 Or plate paternal, or adopted gold,
 What tho' no di'monds with their blaze surprize,
 And feebly strive, to rival Emma's eyes,

Tho' no sly mortgage, on my neighbour's plains,
 Binds them, like Mansfield, fast in parchment chains,
 Yet shall th' illusive fancy please myself,
 Happier than *Manners*, with his ill-got pelf.

Now shall *St. Clair*, my morning levee wait,
 And *Duff's* bold hunters strive to leap my gate,
 From classic *Cam* shall *Denny* too attend,
 And if my porter knows a former friend,
 What storms of Greek, shall rattle round our heads
 While once unfeed, the future counsel pleads!

Ah ! gentle souls, your prayers for me how vain,
The man of sorrow, penury, and pain.

Thus EDWIN mourn'd, pale, melancholy, flow,
Where wild OHIO's sounding waters flow.
The sun set low'ring on the plaints he made,
And savage howlings doubly gloom'd the shade.

O Thou, in public toils with glory tried,
Whose high-born honours are thy humblest pride,
Whose private worth, in Fame's proud fane enroll'd,
Time shall emblaze in characters of gold ;
Illustrious HOWARD ! shield th' unpolish'd lays
Which twine this cypress wreath around thy bays.
And whilst thy breast matures each patriot plan
That gladdens life, and man endears to man,
Hear what big woes the village group beset,
By AUBURN's pensive bard foretold too well.

Night o'er the scene her dusky horrors drew,
The stars burn'd dim, the rapid whirlwind flew ;
E'en the lone cot denied its cheering ray,
As o'er the wild the wanderer urg'd his way.
No more the birds prolong'd their soothing strain,
No more the landscape stole a pang from pain ;
In every bush destruction seem'd to hide,
And hoarse beneath him foam'd the fullen tide.

Amidst

Amidst uncoffin'd bones, as thus he pass'd,
 Where many a gallant Briton breath'd his last,*
 From distant hills strange fires began to glow,
 That mark'd the ravage of the barbarous foe.
 The scene, the hour, renew'd the trickling tear,
 When thus, with mingled groans, the mournful seen-

God of my life ! protect me as I stray,
 Where panthers prow!, and murderous men betray.

Once I was blest beyond the peasant's lot,
 In humble neatness rose my little cot.
 I saw my whitening fleece the down adorn,
 I saw my valley wave with golden corn,
 I saw my duteous children round me bloom,
 Nor envied Pride its palace and its plume.
 Pleas'd with what heaven had lent, and far from strife,
 Calm, unprov'd, I walk'd the vale of life.
 But vain the humblest hope the poor can form,
 When fierce Oppression wings th' unfeeling storm.
 Nor peace, nor love, nor merit's modest woe,
 Can or avert, or mitigate the blow.
 Alas ! regardless of the suppliant train,
 The tyrant lord usurps the whole domain,

* This part of America was the scene of Braddock's defeat.

The peasant's glebe, his garden's decent bound;
 The shade he rear'd, the lane with sweet-briar
 crown'd;

All, all must yield, as wills imperious pride,
 And e'en the straw-thatch'd cottage is denied.
 Hence, at this hour, by desperate sorrow led,
 A banish'd man, I roam the world for bread.

Yet witness heaven, tho' such thy chang'd decrees,
 Ne'er did I waste my hours in loitering ease;
 Ne'er did the blessings prompt a wish to stray,
 Health nerv'd my limbs, and virtue bless'd my day,
 Constant at dawn to hardy toils I rose,
 Brav'd the bleak winds, and desolating fnows;
 Whilst sweet Contentment lent her magic power,
 Soften'd the gale, and warm'd the frozen shower.
 Still sad Remembrance fondly calls to view
 The field where once the branching poplar grew.
 'Twas there, when spring renew'd the ploughman's
 toil,

My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged soil;
 There, with my sickle, thro' long summer days,
 I work'd, regardless of the noontide blaze;
 And there the labouring band, as leisure sway'd,
 The bough-crown'd reaper, and the village maid,
 Led up their sports along the bordering green,
 Whilst age look'd on, and bless'd the harmless scene.

Such

Such were my toils, in days too bright to last,
Such joys were mine, but all those joys are past !

Mean tho' I was, and circled too with care,
Yet, blest with little, I had still to spare.
No neighbour's sorrows but assail'd my breast,
No poorer brother left my door unblest.
To all my mite, to some, more singly dear,
I gave the tender tribute of a tear.
Oft times, returning from the task of day,
I hail'd the weary trav'ler on his way,
Remark'd the hour of rest was nearly come,
And press'd the stranger to my social home.
Heedless of future ills, the playful train,
To meet their sire, came shouting o'er the plain,
With eager joy their little news convey'd,
Or round the green their mimic dance display'd.
Perhaps, some neighbouring swain of genial soul
Would lift the latch, and join our sober bowl ;
And, whilst his soothing tales engag'd the guest,
Of slighted love, or modest worth distressed,
Whate'er our dairy, or our fields afford,
In frugal plenty smil'd upon the board.
Blest social home ! and ye dear distant bowers !
Scenes of my youth, and all my blissful hours,
Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,
This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own.

E'en

'E'en now, weak nature, rous'd to keener pain,
Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in every vein.

Good heaven! what anguish wrung this boding
heart,

When the rough boatswain gave the word to part.
Then first the tear, at Nature's bidding, fell,
As bleeding Friendship press'd its long farewell.
Pale on mine arm Connubial Mildness hung,
Fond Filial Duty round my bosom clung.
Firm for their sakes, along the surf-beat strand,
And whispering peace, I led the weeping band;
Deceiv'd their thoughts from AUBURN's much-lov'd
plain,

And talk'd of happier seats beyond the main.
Poor aged man! since that eventful day,
Despair and terror mark'd thee for their prey.
War, sickness, famine, bursting on thine head,
Mock thy vain toils, and weigh thee to the dead.

Ah me! the words our pious Preacher spoke,
When first to him my mournful mind I broke.
"EDWIN," he said, with looks of kind dismay,
"Earth's meteor hopes but glitter to betray.
"Thou canst not fly from God's all-chast'ning hand,
"Storms sweep the ocean, discord blasts the land.
"No change of climate can reverse our doom,
"Life's various roads all center in the tomb."

Thus

Thus the meek sage my rash resolve repress,
 Whilst tears of pity bath'd his hoary breast.
 Oh! had I listen'd to his wife alarms,
 Then had I died at home in Friendship's arms.

Twelve tedious weeks we plough'd the wintry
 main,
 And hop'd the port, but hop'd alas in vain,
 Till left of heaven, and press'd for daily bread,
 Each gaz'd at each, and hung the sickly head.
 Two little sons, my hope, my humble pride,
 Too weak to combat, languish'd, wail'd, and died.
 Stretch'd on the deck the breathless cherbus lay,
 As buds put forth in April's stormy day.
 Not EMMA's self remain'd my woes to cheer,
 Borne with her babes upon a watery bier.
 Five days she struggled with the fever's fire,
 The sixth sad morn beheld my saint expire.
 These trembling lips her lips convulsive press,
 These trembling hands sustain'd her sinking breast;
 These trembling hands discharg'd each mournful
 rite,
 Sooth'd her last pang, and seal'd her dying fight.
 To the same deep their dear remains were given,
 Their mingled spirits wing'd their flight to heaven.

One only daughter, in life's vernal pride,
 Surviv'd the wreck that overwhelm'd my all beside.

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the peace of death, and loathing day,
 On bleak Henlopen's coast the mourner lay.
 These aged arms her languid body bore
 Through the rude breakers to that ruder shore.
 Mercy, sweet heaven ! and did the pitying storm
 Spare but for deeper ills that angel form !
 Blest had we sunk unheeded in the wave,
 And mine and Lucy's been one common grave.
 But I am lost, a worn-out, ruin'd man,
 And fiends complete what tyranny began.

Much had I heard, from men unus'd to feign,
 Of this New World, and Freedom's gentle reign.
 'Twas fam'd that here, by no proud master spurn'd,
 The poor man ate secure the bread he earn'd ;
 That verdant vales were fed by brighter streams
 Than my own Medway, or the silver Thames ;
 Fields without bounds spontaneous fruitage bore,
 And peace and virtue blest'd the favour'd shore.
 Such were the hopes which once beguil'd my care,
 Hopes form'd in dreams, and baseless as the air.

Is this, O dire reverse, is this the land,
 Where Nature sway'd, and peaceful Worthies plann'd !
 Where injur'd Freedom, through the world impell'd,
 Her hallow'd seat, her last asylum held !
 Ye glittering towns that crown th' Atlantic deep,
 Witness the change, and as ye witness weep.

Mourner

Mourn all ye streams, and all ye fields deplore
Your slaughter'd sons, your verdure stain'd with gore.

Time was, blest time, to weeping thousands dear,
When all that poets picture flourish'd here.
Then War was not, Religion smil'd and spread,
Arts, Manners, Learning rear'd their polish'd head;
Commerce, her sails to every breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on their coasts the treasures of the world.
Past are those halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd.
Brothers against brothers rise in vengeful strife,
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life ;
Sons, leagued with foes, unsheath their impious
sword,
And gore the nurturing breast they late ador'd.

How vain my search to find some lowly bower,
Far from those scenes of death, this rage for power ;
Some quiet spot, conceal'd from every eye,
In which to pause from woe, and calmly die.
No such retreat these boundless shades embrace,
But man with beast divides the bloody chace.
What tho' some cottage rise amid the gloom,
In vain its pastures spring, its orchards bloom ;
Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here,

Here, as I trace my melancholy way,
 The prowling INDIAN snuffs his wonted prey.
 Ha—should I meet him in his dusky round—
 Late in these woods I heard his murderous sound—
 Still the deep war-whoop vibrates on mine ear,
 And still I hear his tread, or seem to hear.
 Hark, the leaves rustle! what a shriek was there!
 'Tis he! 'tis he! his triumphs rend the air.
 Hold, coward heart, I'll answer to the yell,
 And chace the murderer to his gory cell.
 Savage!—but oh! I rave—o'er yonder wild,
 E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
 She, the dear source and soother of my pain,
 My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah my poor LUCY! in whose face, whose breast,
 My long-lost EMMA liv'd again confest,
 Thus robb'd of thee, and every comfort fled,
 Soon shall the turf infold this wearied head;
 Soon shall my spirit reach that peaceful shore,
 Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
 Then shall I cease to rue the fatal morn
 When first from AUBURN's vale I roam'd forlorn.

He spoke—and frantic with the sad review,
 Prone on the shore his tottering limbs he threw.
 Life's crimson strings were bursting round his heart,
 And his torn soul was throbbing to depart;

Ne

No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd stranger near
To tend his throes, or calm them with a tear.
Angels of grace, your golden pinions spread,
Temper the winds, and shield his houseless head;
Let no rude sounds disturb life's awful close,
And guard his relicks from inhuman foes.
O haste, and waft him to those radiant plains,
Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal
reigns.

ON THROWING BY AN OLD BLACK COAT.

BY THE SAME.

OLD friend, farewell, with whom full many a day,
In varied mirth and grief, hath roll'd away.
No more thy form retains its sable dye,
But, like grey beauty, palls upon the eye :
Yet shall the grateful muse her offering pay,
Torn tho' thou art, and hast'ning to decay.
'Tis hers the old coat's sneering foes to face,
Recall its worth, and dignify disgrace.

Health to the man, unmov'd by vulgar ends,
Who, rais'd himself, forgets not antient friends.
Such PAUL wer't thou, who, midst a venal age,
Plac'd high thy cloke in truth's immortal page ;

There,

There, screen'd from moths, the hallow'd garb shall
stand,

From *TROAS* brought by pastoral command.

Once, wrapt secure within thy woollen folds,
I brav'd the summer rains, the winter colds.
Fearless of coughs, catarrhs, which *Eurus* brings,
Or dark November on his vapoury wings,
Whistling a tune, like *CYMON* in the song,
Thro' filthy streets and lanes I trudg'd along,
Nor heeded aught the hackney driver's cry,
Tho' "coach you honour" sounded to the sky.

And shall the muse to beaux and belles pretend,
In better days, I fondly call'd thee friend ;
That, screen'd by thee, thro' various toils I past,
Enjoy'd the present hour, and hop'd the last ;
Yet now, when time hath blanch'd thy reverend hue,
Sell thee a slave to yonder hoarse-mouth'd Jew !
Forbid it gratitude, forbid it shame,
That were a deed would blacken *CLUDIO*'s name.

Thou poor old man, whose brow is streak'd with
care,
Stretch'd on the clay-cold earth, thy bosom bare,
Had I but half that *CLUDIO*'s shining store,
Thy breast should heave with misery no more.
Yet take the scanty pittance I bestow,
This coat shall shield thee from the drifting snow.

But

But ere we part, indulge the moral lay,
 Hear it ye fools who flutter life away;
 Vain are the proud man's plumes, the rich man's bags,
 MEN turn to dust, as BROADCLOTH turns to rags.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

A PASSAGE IN ST. MATTHEW.

BY THE SAME.

BEHOLD the LILY's silken vest,
 How finely wove in nature's loom!
 No King, in ermin'd splendour drest,
 Can match its richness or perfume.

Yet void of art or toil it grows,
 Looks bright, and lives its transient hour;
 Then man forego thy earth-born woes,
 The hand that made preserves the flower.

And see! in tracts of desert air,
 The feather'd people wildly roam;
 God makes their little wants his care,
 Hears their weak cry, and guards their home.

If thus he clothes the lily race,
 That bud and blossom but to die;
 If thus from heav'n, his lofty place,
 He heeds the humblest things that fly;

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M

Shal

Shall faithless man, to fears a prey,
 In dark despondence waste his hours;
 Can love's exhaustless source decay,
 Or are we less than BIRDS or FLOWERS!

BILLY PITT AND THE FARMER.

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

I.

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll tell a merry
 story;

About a British farmer, and BILLY PITT the
 Tory;

I had it piping hot from Ebenezer Barber,
 Who sailed right from England, and lies in Boston
 harbour.

Bow, wow, wow; Fal, lal, de, addy, addy;
 bow, wow, wow.

II.

This Billy he is call'd the nation's prime ruler,
 Tho' he be but a puppet that's hung out to fool her;
 His name is a passport to get in old sinners,
 And he deals the cards that the knaves may be
 winners.

Bow, wow, wow.

III. Now

III.

Now it hap't to the country he went for a blessing,
And from his State Dad to get a new lesson,
He went to Daddy Jenky by Trimmer Hal attended,
In such good company, good lack ! how his morals
must be mended.

Bow, wow, wow.

IV.

This Harry was always a staunch friend to Boston,
His bowels are warm for they yearn for Indostan,
If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and
tar him,
With forty lacking one too I'd lame him and I'd scar
him.

Bow, wow, wow.

V.

With his skin full of wine and his head full of state
tricks,
Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of his
late tricks,
He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,
And both as druuk as pipers they knock'd their
heads together.

Bow, wow, wow.

VI.

Now so it fell out that this pair were benighted,
And drove out of the road, so the Statesmen alighted,
And to get in again away scrambled they, Sir,
To find the back road to the King's highway, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow.

VII.

Long lost in the dark were these lights of the
nation,
And scrambled at last to a small habitation,
To which they march'd up, while the fowls in confusion,
Thought their lives were aim'd at by this bold intrusion.
Bow, wow, wow.

VIII.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd, and sore Billy
baited,
The wife she cried out we be all ruined,
Then straitway she snatch'd up the vessel she put in
To pour on the head of this darling Philistine.
Bow, wow, wow.

IX.

The husband awak'd by her rage and her screaming,
And shrewdly supposing his wife might be dreaming,
To

To make matters short snatch'd his gun in a fury,
And cried sons of Belial, I've got what will cure ye.

Bow, wow, wow.

X.

Then Billy began for to make an oration,
As oft he had done to bamboozle the nation;
But Hodge cried begone, or I'll crack thy young
crown for't;
Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues I'll be bound
for't.

Bow, wow, wow.

XI.

Now Hodge, quoth the wife, don't you mind his
loud bantering,
For certain he has under his coat a dark lanthorn;
Shut the gate of the court, if he once gets within it,
He'll whip up our back stairs, I'll be bound, in a
minute.

Bow, wow, wow.

XII.

Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd rogue now
pretends, man,
He crept up in the dark but for virtuous ends, man!
He says he's our friend, but it's no such a thing,
man,

The impudent dog would say so to the King, man.

Bow, wow, wow.

M 3

XIII. Then

XIII.

Then Billy perceiving the wife in a fury,
 And knowing his deeds would not stand woman's
 jury,
 Found the spirit of Jenky a dangerous potion,
 And roar'd out to Harry to speak for the motion.
 Bow, wow, wow.

XIV.

Then Harry slept up, but Hodge shrewdly sup-
 posing,
 His part was to steal whilst the other was posing,
 Let fly at poor Billy and shot through his lac'd
 coat;
 Oh what pity it was that it did not hit his waist-
 coat!
 Bow, wow, wow.

XV.

Solid men of Boston make no long orations,
 Solid men of Boston banish strong potations,
 Solid men of Boston go to bed at sun down,
 And never lose your way like the loggerheads of
 London.
 Bow, wow, wow.

A NEW

A NEW IRISH SONG,

INTITLED AND CALLED THE TREATY OF COM-
MERCE.

To the Tune of—"Ballynamoniora."

BY THE SAME.

TROTH Mr. *John Bull*, y'are a pretty *Milch Cow* !
Oh ! what do you think of us *Volunteers* now ?
Sure I told you, the work we kick'd up in the state,
Before it was finish'd, wou'd all be complete.
With my Ballynamoniora, Ballynamoniora, Ballynamoniora,
The Treaty of Commerce for me.

Troth I said now last year, if you'd call it to mind,
What we left you *before* we wou'd not lave *behind*,
And was'nt I right now, by hook or by crook ?
For all that *we left* you, is all that *we took*.
Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

But 'twas deadl'y good natur'd in you to lay down,
With the *wrongs* of our trade, all the *rights* of your
own,
'Twas a mighty *home stroke* of magnanimous pride,
To brake your own *backs* for the thorn in our *sides*.
Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

Oh ! like fools, we despair'd that our terms wou'd
 go down,
 Or such sharp Propositions be sweet to the Crown ;
 Then how plasing to see your proud stomachs to
 fall,
 When we'd *thrown 'em up first* that you *swallowed* them
all.

Ballynemoniora, &c. &c.

Sure I hard Master Orde now relate in his place,
 All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace ;
 Jasus ! how we all star'd, while he empty'd his
 sconce,
 To find such a big bag of blessings at once,

Ballynemoniora, &c. &c.

Oh the brave British subject ! his looks were so sweet &
 When he lay'd down your case and your trade at
 our feet ;
 And the comments he made too, the wise little elf
 To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself.

Ballynemoniora, &c. &c.

Troth, it plas'd him, he said, cou'd a Briton say
 more ?

■ That the trade of *your* country wou'd shift to *our*
 shore,

And

And that Britain's disasters had sunk her so low,
The good tidings he brought us would finish the
blow.

Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

Then he said, 'twas contriv'd too by part of the
gift,
That without Irish linens ye can't make a shift;
Troth now Ladies and that's a good measure for
you,
When the *linen* comes over the *yard*'ll come too.

Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

Now, we took it most kind, that your ruler of state,
Who they say has no parts, but the parts in his pate,
Shou'd for *female commodities* open a door,
And let freely the *great Irish staple* come o'er.

Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

'Twou'd have bother'd my head now, the words he
let fall,

When ye gave us *so much*, ye gave *nothing at all*;
But in Dublin I hard his interpreter swear,
That *nothing in England* means *everything here*.

Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

But your Minister says, now we've got all we can,
The two states must be join'd on a permanent plan;

M 5

By

By my soul he's a joiner of notable cast:
Who *loosens all ties* now, to join us *more fast*.

Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

And he says when all duties and drawbacks are
paid,

That the navy will want what we make by our
trade;

Troth she will, want it all, now he's right on that
score,

And she'll want, God help her, for *ever and more*.

Ballynamoniora, &c. &c.

If you wish now to know how our Cards we have
play'd,

Why we took up *our Clubs*, and we threw down our
Spades;

So ye dealt us all *Trumps* now, for that *very thing*,

And so P.m. became civil as well as the King.

With my Ballynamoniora, Ballynamoniora, Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me.

BILLY's

BILLY'S TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

BY THE SAME.

IF life's a rough journey, as moralists tell,
 Englishmen sure make the best on't,
 On this spot of earth they bade liberty dwell,
 Whilst slavery holds all the rest on't.
 They thought the best solace for labour and care,
 Was a state independent and free, Sir,
 But this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can
 bear,
 Is the blessing of you and of me, Sir.
 Chor. Then while thro' this whirl-about journey we
 reel,
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessings we feel,
 And watch every turn of this politic wheel,
 For Billy's too young to drive us.
 The carr of Britannia, we all must allow,
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir ;
 But wanting the hand of experience, must now
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir,

M 6

Then

'Then must we poor passengers quickly await
To be crush'd by this mischevous spark, Sir ;
Who drives a damn'd job in the carriage of state,
And got up like a thief in the dark, Sir.

Cho. Then while, &c.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,
And his principles Virtue's own type, Sir ;
I believe from my soul, he's a ———
And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir.
For all that he boasts of, what is it in truth,
But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir,
He's the vices of age for the follies of youth,
And a damn'd deal of cunning beside, Sir.

Cho. Then while, &c.

The squires, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,
Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir ;
And cry, 'tis a crime not to vote for a man,
Who's as chaste as a baby at fuck, Sir.
But pray, let me ask, had his virtues prevail'd,
What soul would to Heaven come near, Sir ?
Not one, for the whole generation had fail'd,
And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.

Cho. Then while, &c.

They

They say he's a pretty good gift of the gab,
 And was taught by his Dad on a stool, Sir;
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir.
 For Billy's pure love for his country was such,
 He agreed to become a cat's paw, Sir;
 And sits at the helm, while 'tis turn'd by the
 touch
 Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir.

Cho. Then while, &c.

Tho' reason united a N—— and a F——,
 The world of the junction complain, Sir;
 But what's that to his, who joined, with a pox,
 To the cabinet pimp of the Thane, Sir?
 Who sold it to a high-flying Jacobite gang,
 The credit of C——'s great name, Sir.
 That pleas'd, they might hear the great puppet
 harangue,
 While J—— plays the old game, Sir.

Cho. Then while, &c.

They say his fine parts are a mighty good prop,
 To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir;
 But we all of us know, though he stands at her
 top,
 Her bottom must die in despair, Sir,

Then

Then with freedom who on a fair bottom would
tread,

Here's a toast that I am sure must prevail, Sir ;
" BRITANNIA, and may he ne'er stand at her

HEAD,

Who never can stand at her TAIL, Sir."

Cho. Then, while, &c.

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

THO' BACCHUS may boast of his care-killing
bowl,

And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight ;
Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow :
But, to Fancy that feeds on the charm of the fair,
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all BACCHUS's tun.

The

The tender excess that enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd ;
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And Fools jest at that, for which Sages have dy'd :

Each change and excess hath through life been my
 doom,

And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gleam,
 But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our
 life.

Come then, rosy VENUS, and spread o'er my fight,
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er jolly God, from thy banquet remove,
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the vine
 That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd by
 Love.

TO

TO WILLIAM PARSONS, ESQ.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

WHILE Venus inspires, and such verses you sing,
 As Prior might envy and praise;
 While Merry can mount on the eagle's wide wing,
 Or melt in the nightingale's lays;
 On the beautiful banks of this classical stream
 While Bertie can carelessly rove,
 Dividing his hours and varying his theme
 With Philosophy, Friendship, and Love;

In vain all the beauties of nature or art
 To rouse my tranquility tried;
 Too often, said I, has this languishing heart
 For the charms of celebrity sigh'd:
 Now sooth'd by soft music's seducing delights,
 With reciprocal tenderness blest,
 No more will I pant for poetical flights,
 Or let vanity rob me of rest.

* The Slave and the Wrestlers, what are they to me!
 From plots and contention remov'd;
 † And Job with still less satisfaction I see,
 When I think on the pains I have prov'd.

* Two celebrated pieces of sculpture in the Tribuna.

† The fine picture of Job, in the same place, by Bartolomeo della Porta.

It

It was thus that I thought in oblivion to drown
 Each thought from remembrance that flows ;
 Thus fancy was stagnant, I honestly own,
 But I call'd that stagnation repose.

Now wak'd by my countryman's voice once again
 To enjoyment of pleasures long past,
 Her powers elastic the soul shall regain,
 And recal her original taste :
 Like the loadstone which long lay conceal'd in the
 earth
 Among metals that glitter'd around,
 Inactive her talents, and only call'd forth
 When the ore correspondent was found.

TO MRS. PIOZZI, IN REPLY.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER
 WEDDING, JULY 25, 1785.

THO' "sooth'd by soft music's seducing delights,
 "And blest'd with reciprocal love,"
 These cannot impede your poetical flights,
 For still friends to the Muses they prove.
 Then sitting so gaily your table around,
 Let us all with glad sympathy view
 What joys in this fortunate union abound,
 This union of wit and virtũ !

May

May the day which now sees you so mutually blest
 In full confidence, love, and esteem,
 Still return with increase of delight to your breast,
 And be Hymen your favourite theme :
 Nor fear that your fertile strong genius can fail ;
 All thoughts of stagnation dispel :
 The fame which so long has attended a Thrale,
 A Piozzi alone can excel !

As the ore must for ever obedient be found,
 By the loadstone attracted along,
 So in England you drew all the Poets around
 By the magical force of your song :
 The same power on Arno's fair side you retain,
 Your talents with wonder we see ;
 And we hope from your converse those talents to
 gain,
 Tho', like magnets—in smaller degree.

W. P.

IMITATION OF A SONNET ON AN AIR BALLOON,
 FROM THE ITALIAN OF PARINI.

BY MRS. PIOZZI,

IN empty space behold me hurl'd,
 The sport and wonder of the world,
 Who eager gaze while I aspire,
 Expanded with aerial fire.

And

And since Man's selfish race demands
More empire than the seas or lands ;
For him my courage mounts the skies,
Invoking Nature whilst I rise.

Mother of all ! if thus refin'd,
My flights can benefit mankind,
Let them by me new realms prepare,
And take possession of the air.

But if to ills alone I lead,
Quickly, oh quick let me recede ;
Or blaze a splendid exhibition,
A beacon for their mad ambition !

ON THE RIGHT HON. LADY STAVORDALE, NOW
COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER : WRITTEN AT BATH
IN 1771.

YE stately swans, in beauty's pride,
Who down the silver Avon sail,
Awhile neglect the urging tide,
To gaze at lovely Stavordale.

Your downy breasts are not more white
Than her's is free from stain (I ween) :
In beauty, she appears as bright
As her you serve, the Paphian Queen !

Come

Come from the woods, ye timid doves,
That thus in shades delight to dwell :
Nor fear to leave your peaceful groves,
And hover round fair Stavordale.

For she is of the gentlest kind,
That e'er in Beauty's bloom hath shone ;
And Fame declares " her artless mind
Hath every virtue for its own."

When dusky evening shall appear,
May't thou, melodious nightingale !
Exert thy notes to please her ear,
And hail the name of Stavordale.

Then perch'd upon some humble spray,
To her, thy vocal tribute give,
And singing sweet thy pensive lay,
A smile of thanks thou shalt receive.

May every bird of tuneful note
(When morn shall o'er the shades prevail)
Expand with pride its little throat,
And chaunt the name of Stavordale.

Her charms with gentlest influence shine,
By all (except herself) confess'd ;
And whilst we think her form divine,
She seems to know her power the least.

When

When Sol exhales the morning dew,
And bids each flower perfume the gale ;
Thou rose ! shalt wear a paler hue,
Compar'd to blooming Stavordale.

Her cheek requires no foreign aid,
Her radiant eyes with truth express,
In all their native charms array'd,
Virtue, good-sense, and tenderness.

Ye shepherds ! tune your oaten reeds,
With rural music fill the vale ;
Let echo to the distant meads
Repeat the praise of Stavordale ;

Applaud her unaffected grace,
Her innocent and tranquil air,
The sweet expression of her face,
The smile that speaks a heart sincere.

(The woodland chorus to improve,)
Obedient zephyr will not fail,
Beyond the limits of the grove,
To waft thy name, Oh Stavordale.

The Muse, delighted, hears the sound ;
To thee she vows her humble strain,
Whilst thou on Avon's banks art found,
The fairest of the female train.

We

We many blooming flowers have seen,
 Who to the rose compar'd are pale,
 And many blooming nymphs have been
 Eclips'd by lovely Stavordale.

Unrival'd charms are those she wears,
 Serene and steady, like the moon ;
 She far outshines furrounding stars,
 And men her gentle empire own.

ON A LATE EVENT.

TO charming Celia's arms I flew,
 And there in riot feasted ;
 No God such transport ever knew,
 Nor mortal ever tasted,

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,
 And pleas'd beyond expressing—
 “ How can your slave, my fair, said I,
 “ Reward so great a blessing ?

“ The whole creation's wealth survey,
 “ To both the Indies wander ;
 “ Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
 “ And fighting Monarchs squander ?”

She,

She, blushing, cried—" My life, my dear,
 " Since Celia is your own,
 " Give her—but 'tis too much, I fear,
 " Oh! give her HALF A CROWN."

L I N E S

ON HEARING MR. W. PARKE'S PERFORMANCE ON
 THE OBOE, IN THE NEW OPERA OF FONTAINE-
 BLEAU.

TO thee, whilst others pour their praise,
 The bard delighted joins the throng,
 With pride he tunes (tho' weak his lays)
 Where merit justifies the song.

Yet think not, *Parle*, thy wond'rous skill,
 Fair praise alone from mortals draws;
 Lo! *Phœbus* listens from his hill,
 And all the Muses join th' applause.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUSIAD.

SWEET was the nymph I lov'd, divine her air,
 Her cheek, ah! purer than the blush of morn;
 Fairer than Alpine snows, her breast so fair
 Look'd down upon the lily's white with scorn.

Mild on my ear her melting accents stole,
That promis'd ages of delicious love;
Her form with Grecian statues vied, her soul
Seem'd borrow'd from some Saint that sings above.

Thus fancy rioted—all wrapt in flame
I marry'd, blest'd my stars, and went to bed,
Possess'd—and found next morn my wond'rous dame
The d—d'st b——h that ever wore a head.

B I L L Y E D E N,

OR, THE RENEGADO SCOUT.

To the Tune of " Billy Croaker."

I.

THERE lived a man at BECKNAM in Kent, Sir,
Who wanted a place to make him content, Sir;
Long had he sigh'd for BILLY PITT's protection,
When thus he gently courted his affection;
Will you give a place, my dearest BILLY PITT O!
If I can't have a whole one, oh let it be a bit O!

II.

He pimp'd for GEORGE ROSE, he lied with the
Doctor,
He flatter'd Mrs. HASTINGS, 'till almost he had
shock'd her;

He

He got the Archbishop to write in his favor,
And when BILLY gets a beard, he swears he'll be
his shaver;

Then give him a place, oh dearest BILLY PITT O,
If he can't have a whole one, oh let it be a bit O!

III.

To all you young men, who are famous for changing,
From party to party continually ranging,
I tell you the place of all places to breed in,
For maggots of corruption's the heart of BILLY
EDEN.

Then give him a place, oh dearest BILLY PITT O,
If he can't have a whole one, oh let it be a bit O!

THE LAUREAT.

A N O D E.

WARTON, I know you'll ne'er repine
That wtlings carp at ev'ry line,
And with your lyricks quarrel.
Alas! from party, spite, or whim,
Such ever is the fate of him
Who boasts the Royal laurel.

That laurel, once by Dryden worn!
But since by many dunces borne,

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N

Each

Each rival dunce cry'd fie on !
 The boasted laurel was, they said,
 No more than a poor p -fs-a-bed,
 At Court call'd Daun-de-Lion.

For scenes of comedy renown'd,
 And justly for his acting crown'd,
 The prince of fops and folly ;
 Nor kings, nor poetry regarding,
 And writing odes not worth one farthing,
 Long liv'd the Laureat Colly.

Him Pope assail'd by legions back'd,
 And often to his couplets tack'd,
 The name of idle Cibber :
 Yet Coll, unskill'd in long and short,
 Made in plain prose a smart retort,
 To Pope a damn'd Grim-Gribber *.

Will. Whitehead bade the reign commence
 Of birth-day odes and common sense ;
 And there his efforts rested :
 True poetry, by genius fir'd,
 Billy's cold bosom ne'er inspir'd ;
 For Bill was chicken-breasted.

* Grim-Gribber. See Tom's Law-Jargon in the Conscious Lovers. " I touched him to the quick about Grim-Gribber.

Warton,

Warton, on Greek and Roman base,
 Rescued the laurel from disgrace,
 With fame no foes shall hinder.
 Blest with the gift of ev'ry tongue,
 Themes Royal royally he sung,
 A HORACE, and a PINDAR !

TO A L A D Y,

WITH THE SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENCER.

BY PETER PINDAR.

O GENTILE nymph of Cornish lond the Queen,
 Whom all our youth behold with rapt'rous love :
 Whose heart eclipseth e'en thy beauty's sheen,
 Read Petrarch's sorrows, and with tears approve :
 A tear from thee, surpassing all his fame,
 Embalms with immortality his name.

At Petrarch's fate the heart with grief mote glow,
 Who frequent woo'd the Fair but woo'd in vain :
 Thy turtle eyen in streames will certes flow
 At sorrows, that for peerless Laura plain,
 When pale entomb'd her lovely limbs were laid,
 And redbreasts sooth'd with ditties sweet her shade.

Rash, bard; what folly taught thine eyes to gaze
 On Her, who ne'er could bless thy longing arms?
 What dæmon urg'd thee mid'st her beauty's blaze,
 Bereft of smallest hope, to win her charms?
 Well did thine heart deserve sic mickle woes,
 That lost in wild romaunce its dear repose.

Yet, Petrarch! like thyself, a Bard betray'd
 By smiles of beauty, wisdom's voice I slight;
 Hopeless I glote upon as fair a maid,
 As ever charm'd the golden eye of light.
 Then let me blame no more thy lovelorn line,
 Perchance Thy Laura mote compare with Mine!

A N O D E.

OCCASIONED BY MR. BAKER'S FINE STATUE OF
 ACHILLES.

BY THE SAME.

O THOU, who, 'midst the tuneful quire
 On Pindus, strik'st the sacred lyre,
 Ah! why to SCULPTURE, Phœbus, so unkind?
 Say, when the Arts with sweetest smile
 Were led to Britain's favoured isle,
 Why was the beauteous SCULPTURE left behind?

Amidst

Amidst Palmyra's desert drear
 The Muse hath mark'd her lonely tear,
 And o'er the falling grandeur heard her sigh:
 And oft where Athens (now no more!)
 With wonder swell'd the world of yore,
 Hath seen the slighted wand'rer's pensive eye.

Barbaric race ! to *slight* the fair,
 Who *once* the smiles of *gods* could share ;
 That *proud* with heroes, fages, prov'd her art !
 Enamour'd of her magic hand,
 They saw, in Grecia's laurell'd land,
 Their *second selves* amid the marble start.

But lo ! in simple vest array'd,
 I see advance, the Attic Maid :
 A Briton woes her to his native shore :
 Behold in Peleus' godlike son,
 Her glorious work of life begun,
 That bids BRITANNIA ENVY GREECE no more.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH this turf, in sweet repose,
 The friend of all—a fair one lies—
 Yet hence let Sorrow vent her woes,
 Far hence let Pity pour her sighs.

The

Tho' ev'ry hour thy life approv'd,
 The Muse the strain of grief forbears,
 Nor wishes, tho' by all belov'd,
 To call thee to a world of tears.

Best of thy sex ! alas ! farewell,
 From this dark scene remov'd to shine,
 Where purest shades of mortals dwell,
 'And Virtue waits to welcome THINE.

O D E,

ON CARRERA.

BY THE SAME.

NEAR yonder solitary tower,
 Lone glooming 'midst the moony light,
 I roam at midnight's specter'd hour,
 And climb the wild majestic height ;
 Low to the mountain let me reverent bow,
 Where wisdom, virtue, taught their founts to flow,

Pale on a rock's aspiring steep,
 Behold a Druid sits forlorn,
 I see the white rob'd phantom weep,
 I hear his harp of sorrow mourn :
 The vanish'd groves provoke his deepest sigh,
 And altars open'd to the gazing sky.

Permit

Permit me, Druid, here to stray

And ponder mid' thy drear retreat ;
To wail the solitary way

Where Wisdom held her hallow'd feat :
Here let me roam, in spite of Folly's smile,
A pensive pilgrim, o'er each pitied pile.

Poor ghost ! no more the Druid race

Shall here their sacred fires relume ;
No more their show'rs of incense blaze,
No more their tapers gild the gloom :
Lo, snakes obscene along the temples creep,
And foxes on the broken altars sleep.

No more beneath the golden hook

The treasures of the grove shall fall :
Time triumphs o'er each blasted oak,
Whose power, at length, shall crush the ball.
Led by the wrinkled power with gladden'd mien,
Gigantic ruin treads the weeping scene.

No more the bards in strains sublime

The actions of the brave proclaim,
Thus rescuing from the rage of Time,
Each god-like deed approv'd by Fame.
Deep in the dust each lyre is laid unstrung,
Whilst mute for ever stops each tuneful tongue.

Here

Here wisdom, virtues awful voice,
 Inspir'd the youths of Cornwall's plains;
 With such no more these hills rejoice,
 But death-like, sullen silence reigns,
 Whilst Melancholy, in yon mould'ring power,
 Sits list'ning to old Occan's distant roar.

Let others, heedless of the hill,
 With eye incurious pass along,
 My muse with grief the scene shall fill,
 And swell with softest sighs her song.
 Ah; pleas'd each Druid mansion to deplore,
 Were Wisdom, Virtue, dwelt, but dwell no more.

S T A N Z A S,

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO FREQUENTED THE BRITISH MUSEUM-GARDENS, BUT RETIRING TO THE COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME.

THE Shepherds, alas! have prevail'd,
 O'er the Beaux of the British Museum,
 What pity they should not have fail'd!
 The Sheep-sheering rogues I cou'd flea 'em.

Yet this is not all, let me say—
 Another misfortune I find—
 For she bore all the *Graces* away,
 And the Loves would *not* tarry *behind*.

O D E,

O D E,
TO GOOD HUMOUR.

BY THE SAME.

O MISTRESS of the laughing eye,
The jovial song, and merry tale ;
From whom the hosts of sorrow flee,
Ill-nature sour, and envy pale ;
To whom are now thy chearful visits paid ?
I think I'll answer for't—to no old maid.

Lo ! like the Sun, whose golden ray
Dispels the Dæmons of the night ;
Thy open visage always gay,
Drives every imp of care to flight :
Drives all the moaning family of pain,
And fills the heart with Pleasure's sprightly train.

All, all, with thee sweet nymph, are pleas'd
Where e'er thou condescend'st to travel—
Old gout, amidst his groanings eas'd—
Old stone, and whining brother gravel
Turn up their eyes to thee a little cheary,
And cease their meanings, tho' they can't be *merry*.

When youth was mine, what friends we were !
My cheek in smiles was always dress'd—

How glad was I thy voice to hear!
 How joy'd to gain thee for my guest!
 But times are sadly chang'd from those o' yore,
 For now thou wilt not venture near my door.

What have I done, O nymph so sweet!
 That thus for thee I'm doom'd to pine?
 How long I've wish'd those eyes to meet,
 That on me, never more shall shine?—
 This moment, may I to my grave be carried,
 If I have seen thee, *since* I first was *married*.

TO MISS MADDERN OF CORNWALL.

BY THE SAME.

ON yonder mount, in antient days
 Their lyres, the Druid minstrels strung—
 Aloud with many a warrior's praise
 To Heav'n the sacred mountain rung:
 There too they sung, the nymphs whose blooming
 charms,
 Had won the brave of Cornwall to their arms.
 But lo! the Druid bards are gone—
 In silence are the warriors laid—
 They sleep beneath yon mossy stone,
 Where Pity's dirge laments the dead:
 Yet, tho' the bards are lost—the heroes pale,
 Lo beauty still survives to bless the vale.

INVOCATION

INVOCATION TO ST. CECILIA,*

ON A LADY'S SINGING TO HER HARPSICORD.

BY THE SAME.

DESCEND, O Goddeſs from thy ſphere,
And liſten to a Britiſh maid,
A ſweeter Sappho warbles here,
Than ever charm'd the Leſbian ſhade,

Yet not like Sappho's ſwells her ſtrain,
Forlorn with love's deſponding ſigh :
To Cynthia's beauty bows each ſwain,
And owns the triumph of her eye.

THE ROSE'S PETITION TO MISS ———

BY THE SAME.

AH! beauteous maid, to pluck my ſtem, forbear,
And let me reign the miſtreſs of the grove :
'Twere hard to place me near that breaſt more fair
Than ever yet hath left the hand of love.

Where now I flouriſh—I can boaſt a fame—
But 'midſt thy boſom, who will mark the flower ?
There ſhall I vanquiſh'd hang the head with ſhame,
And loſe of pleaſing, all the envied pow'r.

* The Patroness of Muſic.

Tho' Queen of all those flow'rs that bloom around;
 How small, alas! the sphere in which I shine!
 Behold those *vales* my little empire bound;
 But lo! a wond'ring universe is thine.

ODE TO SIPHYLIS

BY THE SAME.

O THOU, from heavenly parent • sprung,
 Acquaintance both of old and young,
 Accept from gratitude the tuneful line;
 Aided by thee, my eyes behold
 Again, the glorious age of gold—
 Again with GEORGE'S heads my pockets shine.

Thou art a steadfast friend indeed!
 And stick'st to folks in time of need—
 Adversity can never make thee fly:
 Alas! the poorer people grow,
 The faster thy warm bounties flow,
 That help them to yon star bespangl'd sky.

The poor may ev'ry BLESSING lack—
 Their cloaths may wander from their back—
 The hair in handfuls leave th' unhappy souls,
 The nose, a feature deem'd of grace,
 Cruel, desert its native place,
 The eyes unkindly travel from their holes.

• Venus.

But

But thou, whilst ev'n a bit of skin
Remains to cloath the flesh within,
Dost scorn to leave the gasping wretch alone—
Nay, when the skin and flesh retire,
Thy friendship strengthens in its fire,
And, like a bull-dog, fastens on the bone.

SOME CONTEMPTIBLE ODES, OBTRUDED LAST
YEAR ON THE PUBLIC AS THE EFFUSIONS OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ. OCCASIONED THE FOLLOW-
ING PRODUCTION FROM THE PEN OF THAT INGE-
NIOUS WRITER.

O D E.

THE BRITISH PETER SURPASSETH HIS BROTHERS,
THE GREEK AND ROMAN BARDS IN EGOISM—
PETER PROPHESEIETH—HE LOOKETH INTO THE
BOOK OF FATE, DISCOVERETH A PAIR OF IM-
POSTORS.

BY THE SAME.

WHOE'ER attempts to soar like PETER PINDAR,
Finds somewhat in his head, his flight, to hinder :—
Pudding, or mud perchance, instead of brain—
One day some *Lyric Arconauts* may try—
Act Icarus's *farce*, ascend the sky,
And like to poor shot owls, *drop down again.*

Good

Good BISHOP WILKINS a *prodigious* schemer,
 Thought of moon-journies, like an idle dreamer,
 That rais'd amongst the *Magi* great disputes ;
 He said, that all the world, from *Mob* to *KINGS*,
 Would, when they meant to travel, call for *wings*,
 As common. as they order *now*, their *boots*.

Thus jingling coxcombs of the present time,
 Think * *By/be*, with wings their heavy backs can
 fit,
 That soon as ever they can find the *rhyme*,
 Forth thunders wild sublimity and wit ;
 Then try to mount the stars—converse with *Gods*,
 And break their paltry necks upon their *Odes*.

Lo ! FATE unfolds her volume to my view !
 I see, upstarting from the vulgar crew,
 A DAUBER making courtship to the MUSE :
 And, lo ! another fellow, not *much nobler*,
 Not many years ago—a *country cobbler*,
 Who for *Parnassus* left the *land of shots*.

Behold the blockheads strive to copy Peter,
 They meanly steal his name, they filch his metre ;
 I *read* the execrable trash they write,
 And now I see fair JUSTICE seize the leaves—
 Frowning, she dooms the verse that FOLLY weaves
 To CLOACINA, and eternal night.

• Author of an Art of Poetry.

Bastard of Crispin ! thou art in a *bobble* ;
 What adverse dæmon bade thee cease to *cobble* ,
 And try on PINDUS laurel wreaths to gather ?
 Know that to mend a pair of shoes or boots ,
 Thy pigmy genius vastly better suits ,
 Return then to thy *lappsons* and thy *katber* .

And thou poor *imp* , whose miserable brush ,
 The sacred art disgraces ;
 Who giv'st fair PAINTING's cheek the blush ,
 When'ere thou mak'st thy *wishy-washy* faces ;
 What fiend hath tempted thee to deal in *sonnets* ?
 For shame ! steal back again to *bats* and *bonnets* .
 What are my sins , that thus to blast my name
 You club your *sculls* to imitate my line ?
 Sure 'tis too barb'rous to attempt my fame ,
 By calling *your* d——d compositions *mine* !

“ Peter , what hast thou done ? ” the world will cry ,
 “ That thus to *back* thy fame they lift the *knife* ;
 “ About their labours hast thou coin'd a *lie* ? ”
 No !—I ne're *prais'd* the puppies in my life .

THE FOLLOWING EPILOGUE WAS DELIVERED ON
 THE 5TH OF MAY 1786, AT COVENT-GARDEN
 THEATRE, AFTER THE REPRESENTATION OF
 ZENOBI, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. POPE,
 WITH SO MUCH SUCCESS, THAT THE CRY OF
 ENCORE WAS VERY FORCIBLY PREVALENT
 AMIDST THE LOUD AND REPEATED ACCLAMA-
 TIONS OF THE AUDIENCE.

BY THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE, (LATE MISS YOUNGE)

BLEST be the glorious bard of ancient days!
 I mean old Thespis, who invented plays;
 Who drove through Greece, exhibiting his art,
 As higglers cry their turnips—from a cart.
 The drama's genius, all my soul reveres,
 I love the queen of smiles and queen of tears:
 And if my little merits, meet your praise,
 Join'd are those moments, to my happiest days—
 Yes, when on me, weak plant, your plaudits pour,
 My foliage triumphs in the fust'ring hour.

From *Pity's* soul to force the melting sigh,
 To wake the beam in *Laughter's* glad'ning eye,
 (Whilst

(Whilst Virtue weeps o'er Merit's suff'ring cause,
Whilst Virtue smiles on Laughter's scenes applause)
Hath given delight to many a moment past,
And if your voice approve, shall cheer my last.

Tho' to these walls, I've late a stranger been,
Remembrance, loth to quit the long lov'd scene,
The fav'rite spot, with doating fondness ey'd,
Like ghosts that haunt the places where they dy'd.

“ What brought you here to night ? ” the ladies
cry,
To please a husband, I came here to die.
“ Die to please husbands,” says each modish dame ;
“ Heav'ns !—what a Gothic thought, what sin, what
shame ! ”
So then, this Gothic thought no plaudit draws, “
You deem it e'en a sin to yield applause :
Admit a sin, such gen'rous contribution,
I'm POPE, and promise you *an absolution*.

L I N E S

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LYRIC ODES.

HAIL, mighty PETER PINDAR of our days,
O ! cou'd my muse and I but pen thy praise !
Muse did I say !—I ne'er by one was heard,
Tho' oft to all, have many a prayer preferr'd :

I know

I know thy taste is good, thy judgment sound ;
 But don't let rancour my whole piece confound ;
 My last year's picture (truth confess, I must)
 Was rather SLATY ; what you said was just ;
 But can't ye, rot ye, come a little near,
 And whisper out the errors in my ear ?
 Say that's a poorish horse, a bad drawn maid,
 Here wretched keeping, there bad light and shade ;
 Why, I shou'd thank thee—for I truly own
 That thy reproofs have serv'd to help me on.
 Don't fend th' opinion printed up and down ;
 Why thou'lt make connoisseurs of half the town !
 My little piece this season plac'd for view,
 Be cautious of—be gentle, PETER, do.
 I've seen thy paintings, read thy annual odes,
 Have sung thy songs, perused thy episodes ;
 If HEAVEN to thee hath mighty talents giv'n,
 Write on my friend, but keep an eye to HEAVEN ;
 If you'll comply with my request above,
 I'll give thee thanks—by thee I shall improve ;
 Do but permit, I'll visit twice a week,
 I'll fry thy sprats, will help thee broil thy steak ;
 And if I ever get upon that rock,
 To whose steep sides many thousands flock ;
 Thou shalt have myrtle, laurel, bays or grass,
 Pluckt from the craggy sides of mount Parnass ;

IF

If I can't steal a branch, I'll get a sprig,
And (as thou wishest) decorate thy wig ;
Then I perhaps, one day, may call thee cousin,
And once a week we'll sport a rump and dozen.

R. A.

E P I G R A M.

ON A LEARNED GENTLEMAN, WHO WAS, NOT LONG
SINCE, VERY FORWARD IN CENSURING INDIAN
DELINQUENTS, AND THREATENING THEM WITH
EXEMPLARY PUNISHMENT, BUT OF LATE IS SO
GREATLY CHANGED, AS IN ONE INSTANCE TO
BECOME PERFECTLY SILENT, AND IN ANOTHER
THE AVOWED DEFENDER AND PROTECTOR OF
THE MAN WHOM HE REPROBATED AND CON-
DEMNED IN THE STRONGEST TERMS.

MIDAS, they say, possess'd the art of old,
Of turning whatsoever he touched, to gold ;
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch *them* with gold, *they'll turn to what you please.*

PIOZZIAN

P I O Z Z I A N R H I M E S.

THINKING no doubt, to rival *Bozzy*,
 From Naples came Signora *Piozzi*,
 Bringing (like former wits to *Tenison*) -
 Her curious scraps of **SAMUEL JOHNSON** ;
 Old tales and private anecdotes,
 Growling replies, uncouth *bon-mots* ;
 Latin and also English verses,
 And council sage for babes and nurses,
 Drest with Italian *gout* so nice,
 With sugar now, and now with spice ;
 And that her bantling might not fail
 To please Monboddo with a *tail*,
 Behold a postscript ;—Mark the *cue*,
 To flatter Mrs. Montagu.

How strange seems this to me, who knew her -
 The wife of honest *Thrale* the brewer,
 Whose kind indulgence gave her leave
 The *Literati* to receive,
 Who at his hearty plenteous table
 Might eat and drink while they were able ;
 While she, elated, took great pride
 O'er feasting genius to preside ;
 But seemed most willing to stoop low,
 On **JOHNSON** honors to bestow.

Ah,

Ah, luckless JOHNSON, hadst thou thought
 Thou should be thus to market brought;
 That thy lax sayings, good or bad,
 Nay thy dire fears of going mad,
 Should all be *cast'd*, and kept in store,
 For *sale*, when thou should'st be no more;
 Not the luxurious board of *Thrale*,
 Not oceans of his wine and ale,
 Not honey'd words from coaxing tongue,
 In thy dull care for every rung,
 Would have seduc'd thee to forsake
 Thy own *Bolt-Court*, and plain beef-stake.

OLD SALISBURY BRIAR.

THE ORDNANCE SPIDER.

FROM POPE.

LET Peals of laughter *Codrus*, round thee break,
 Thou unabash'd can'st hear the mighty crack:
 House, gallery, lobby in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unmov'd amidst a bursting world;
Who foils a Schemer?—Break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the self same pleasing thread anew:
 Dispute, out-vote his projects, 'tis in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again;
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of slimy lines.

EPITAPH

EPI T A P H O N D R. J O H N S O N.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY S—M J—S ESQ,

HERE lies poor *Johnson*—Reader have a care,
 Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear;
 Religious, moral, generous, and humane
 He was—but self-sufficient, rude, and vain;
 Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
 A scholar and a christian—yet a brute,
 Would you know all his wisdom, and his folly,
 His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,
 Boswell and Thrall, retailers of his wit,
 Will tell you how he *wrote*, and *talked*, and *cough'd*,
 and *spit*.

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

BY THE REVEREND GEORGE PRETTYMAN,

D. D. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

THE following lyric composition is the work of
 Mr. Pitt's private secretary; the same respectable di-
 vine whom his Majesty has lately been most gracious-
 ly pleased to collate to the living of *Sudburn, cum Ca-
 palle de Orford*. It was written to celebrate the mar-
 riage of the Honourable *Edward James Elliot*, with
 Lady

Lady *Harriet Pitt* ; and was performed on the night of the nuptials, at Mr. Pitt's house, at Putney (the newspaper having mis-informed the public, which indeed is rather an uncommon thing for a ministerial print, that this happy couple were joined together in Downing-street.)

Shakespeare, in exhibiting the heroism of Henry the Fifth, insinuates that his loftiest ambition would be to have " Princes to act, and Monarchs to behold the swelling scene." In the representation of this Epithalamium, its incomparable author has actually been gratified even to the tip-top of Shakespeare's reveries. The audience, who heard his Ode was the most illustrious this country boasts ; the singers who perform'd it, the noblest personages of the nation ; and the composers of the music (which by the way was superlative) the most renowned of all our honorable amateurs : the greater part indeed was contributed by the Duke of Queensbury, the Earl of Uxbridge, and Sir Richard Jebb. His ——— in person, attended the celebration of this great event, accompanied by some of his most favoured courtiers, selected from the chosen few who stand distinguished for their capacity of softening the indispensable anxieties of royalty, and of exalting the fruitions of social life, by their superior wit, vivacity and humour. On the first of this list, appeared the
Dukes

Dukes of Chandos and Montagu, the Lords of Salisbury, Brudenell, and Aylesbury. Of lesser constellations, were the Lords Denbigh, Onslow, Amherst, Galloway and Galway, a most splendid circle of the nobility of both sexes, not immediately employed in the Court, besides Bishops and Bank Directors.

His ———, (who is greatly beloved even in his own neighbourhood, and whose popularity, as he has been graciously pleased lately to inform us in his own Royal-Gazette, extends all the way to Oxford) arrived at Mr. Pitt's house, in the most private manner, and came in the back-way, on purpose to escape a visit from "the heads of houses" at Barnes, Putney, and the neighbouring towns; a demonstration of loyalty and attachment, which a more public *entree* had infallibly compelled him to endure. Upon some future occasion, perhaps, we may sketch the order in which the company sat down, as well as relate some of the numberless events which occurred during the evening, all of them curious, and worthy being transmitted to posterity. Suffice it to say at present, that all matters were completely arranged by nine o'clock, and that this flow of soul, and feast of reason, commenced immediately after, in the following course.

PART

P A R T I.

TRIO, SUNG BY LORD GRAHAM, MR. ROSE, AND
MR. AUBREY.

**Avaunt each grief! away each care!
Let no man wear a face of sorrow,
Let Treas'ry Clerks their gigs prepare,
Let Treas'ry suitors call to-morrow.**

DR. PRETTYMAN AND DEMI-CHORUS.

**This day these pious hands, in nuptial bands have
brac'd,
The youth of nose erect! the maid of taper waste!**

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED: LORD MULGRAVE.

Thrice hath the year its course gone through,
 Since Love first caught them in his toil ;
 But fraught with prudence, each well knew,
 “ That love won’t make the pot to boil,”
 Relign’d to wait,
 The chance of fate,
 This crafty son of *Cornish* Lord,
 Put off his bliss,
 Like a true Swift,
 Who, till he’s paid, will ne’er unsheath his sword.

VOL. II. O Thrice

Thrice three years more, had heedless pass'd away,
 And shewn their patient faith, their virgin
 truth,
 Had (a) *Harvey's* death not mark'd the wedding day
 And in the Exchequer, fix the cautious youth.

C H O R U S.

Matchless couple! peerless pair!
 The gelid swain! the frigid fair!

AIR. BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Not with such modish zest,
 Stout *Steel* put forth his prayer,
 When lovely *Lindsay's* cheek he press'd,
 And clasp'd the clinging fair,
 By rugged rampant love, his suit he carried,
 He lik'd the girl, he kiss'd her, and he married.

AIR. BY LORD TRENTHAM.

But gentler *Elliot* scorns such clumsy aid,
 More pleas'd his skill to show,
 To nod the head, and point the toe,
 He smirk'd and toy'd, and trifled with the maid.

(a) It is hardly necessary to inform the reader, that this worthy couple, after a three years wooing, were married on the very day that Mr. Elliot was appointed to the office, which had been occupied by the unfortunate gentleman here alluded to.

TRIO

TRIO BY LORD TRENTHAM, LORD GRAHAM, AND
MR. BANKS, WITH A CHORUS OF NEW-MARRIED
MEN.

Accomplish'd pair, whom no rude throbs impel,
Whom passion ne'er disturb, nor pulses swell;
Whose thoughts obedient, rapture never fire,
Whose guarded wishes, never give desire;
Whose souls subdu'd, no pantings discompose,
Whose fondness freezes, and whose longings dose;
Oh, may no rebel blood your quiet natures move,
From the sweet apathies of philosophic love!

P A R T II.

DUETT BY COLONEL BARKE AND THE BRIDE-
GROOM.

Bless'd times, when placemen to the shades descend,
Their death's the life of many a statesman's friend.

TRIO BY THREE MAIDS OF HONOUR.

The cunning prude, who, sily cry,
Who pompous air one lover flies;
Fasts, but to feast on daintier joy,
And glutton fav'rite lecheries.

O 2

AIR,

AIR, MR. PITT.

The Minister who throws away
One lucky boon, which haps to fall;
Gives, but to get, another day;
And in good time to swallow all.

CHORUS BY THE WHOLE COMPANY, HIS —————
BEATING TIME WITH GREAT EXACTNESS AND
ANIMATION.

Hail sacred fraud! imposture holy!
Eternal be the reign of folly!
May England's wits be steep'd in bleak confusion,
And the land ne'er know respite from delusion!

TRIO BY LORD LONSDALE, LORD ELLIOT, AND
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

From *Boroughs*, grand the things that grow,
From *Mines*, divine the steams that flow,
Hail Cornwall, richer than Potôfi;
Hail Cumberland, a fairer quarter!
Hail Liskeard, Appleby, and Launceston;
Hail Cockermouth! and hail Beeralston!
May no rude hand invade *our* sacred charter,
—Titles to buy, and burgage rights to barter.—

PART

P A R T III.

RECITATIVE, BY DR. PETTYMAN, ACCOMPANIED
BY A LUTE.

But now, even now, as the rich revel thickens,
My fad soul sickens ;
Through the gay dome I hear the plaintive notes
Of the sweet lamb, whose rending strain denotes,
(b) The early death of our dear boy,
First fruit, and *usufruit*, of all our am'rous joy !
Alas, like young MARCELLUS,
He only came to tell us,
(And, tho' he was my son, 'tis sure no lie)
" That we are mortal all, and that we all must die !"
Gone to that scene where, through her thrifty fan,
(c) His mother first espied her darling PRETTYMAN.

FUGE, BY THE SAME PERFORMER.

But still protecting Heaven,
In mystic ways befriends us,
And now an ill, and now a bounty sends us,
And so, of bliss and pain, preserves the balance even !

(b) The amiable author of this excellent composition lost his new-born child about this time.

(c) Mrs. PRETTYMAN first saw her accomplished husband in Westminster-Abbey, at one of the Musical Meetings, and fell incontinently in love with him, whilst he was gazing through an Opera-glass at the Princess Elizabeth.

Even now, while sunk I sit, in sad despair,
To think I must beget another heir,—

He comes!—he comes! behold! behold!
The King's Gazette this radiant fact unfold,
I am, in spite of Fate, and faction's bellow,
Thy Rector, happy SWDEBURN, *cum* CAPELLO!
Here—there's the Parchment, with the Signet dread,
Of Mother Church's sacred sapient head!

'Tis thus the powers divine,
(d) The growth of *Isaac* build on *Ned*'s decline,
So ELLIOT blooms in health, as HARVEY bleeds
So CONWAY dies, and PRETTYMAN succeeds;
Accomplish'd BOND thus mounts GILBERT's fall,
And this eternal justice we may call!

On bended knees,
The sacred gift I seize,
And thus in prayer, I pay the Royal fees!

(d) In this line, it is not improbable the Reverend Poet had his thoughts on Colonel BARRER's obtaining the Pells, on the demise of Sir EDWARD WALPOLE, by that master-stroke of unmatched magnanimity in our excellent Premier. In conclusion that Mr. Barre will fill the vacant seat of Mr. GILBERT, is the happiest compliment to the discerning patronage of Mr. PITT and Lord SYDNEY, who after having raised Mr. Justice WRIGHT to the dignity of Knighthood during their former Administration, want only the accomplishment of this prediction, to stamp an everlasting grace on the already honoured magistracy of the city of Westminster, and county of Middlesex.

THE INVOCATION, BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Oh, thou, of Europe's Kings, the leading star!
 More great thyself than ALL her Monarchs are;
 Who in thy sacred person dost contain,
 Without his pride, the probity of SPAIN.
 The prop, like CATHERINE, of a graceless state,
 More firm by far—and not so obstinate;
 Like FRED'RIC wife, experienc'd, deep, and bold;
 —And just, as free from sordid love of gold.
 His worth surpassing, and his vices shunning,
 All SWEDEN's craft, thou hast—without his cunning,
 Like JOSEPH straight, and clear—who never trims,
 Whose planning foul thou shew'st—without his whims;
 Like LOUIS, great and good—but not as vain—
 Him thou hast drubb'd, and doublest wilt again.
 Thou ARBITER of Realms! thou Lord of Fate!
 Who hold the balance of each trembling state,
 (e) Great Miracle of Chiefs! * Immortal King!!
 Oh! may thy will be done in every thing.

(e) The poetical turn of the two last lines of this glorification of our august Sovereign, (which it should be observed were capitally sung as a duet, by Sir William Dolben and Sir Harry Houghton) seems to have been borrowed from Mr. Cumberland's invocation to Apollo, in his excellent opera of Calypso.

Phœbus oracular! bowman divine!

Solar sublimity! propitious shine shine!

THE BLESSING.—A CHORUS OF BISHOPS.

*[A great Personage's eyes raised up to the plinth of the
wain[scot].]*

May ev'ry thing take place that gives thee joy,
 May thy first born his manly frame destroy;
 May Royal York, those useful arts acquire,
 That nerve the Prince, and quench the people's fire;
 May, he, in time, command this headlong nation,
 And prove the blessings of his education.
 May England still be dup'd by ev'ry knave,
 May Ireland yield, and soon become a slave,
 May Scots their new born love of rights give o'er,
 And soon again be what they were before;
 May blest'd prerogative in splendor rise,
 And Tudor's times, and Stuart's realize.
 May priv'lege never gain a greater weight,
 Than just the useful farce of a debate;
 Whene'er the crowd, ONE grievous ill deplore,
 May they be tax'd, great Monarch, o'ER and o'ER;
 To shew thy power, and keep thy honour clear,
 Still may'st thou break thy promise twice a year.
 May law be guided by the soldier's hand,
 And Jury's sink, and Freedom fly the land,
 May the whole hated race of Whigs be curst,
 And Fox, to crown the whole, his windpipe burst.

DOCTOR

DOCROT PRETTYMAN AND CHORUS.

And if hereafter, through thy sacred call,
 I ever live to mount a mitr'd stall,
 May I be d—'d myself, if I don't d— them all. }

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

THE LYARS.

IN Downing-street, the breakfast duly set,
 As *Banks* and *Prettyman* one morn were met,
 A strife arising who could best supply,
 In urgent cases, a convenient lie ;
 His skill superior each essay'd to prove
 In verse alternate—which the Muses love !
 While *Billy*, list'ning to their tuneful plea,
 In silence sipp'd his *Commu'ation* Tea,
 And heard them boast, how boldly both had ly'd,
 The Priest began, the Layman thus reply'd !

The Lyars.] This eclogue is evidently an imitation of the third Bucolic of Virgil, which as is observed by Dr. Joseph Warton, brother of our incomparable Laureat, is of that species, called *Amœboea*, where the characters introduced, contend in alternate verse. The second always endeavouring to surpass the first speaker in an equal number of lines.

V. 6. *Amant alterna Camence.*———*Virg.*

V. 10. *Hôs Corydon, illo referebat in ordine Thyrsis.*——*Virg.*

PRETTYMAN.

Why wilt thou, *Banks*, with me dispute the prize?
 Who is not cheated when a Parson lies?
 Since pious Christians, ev'ry Sabbath-day
 Must needs believe whate'er the *Clergy* say!
 In spite of all you laity can do,
 One lie from us is more than ten from you!

BANKS.

O witless lout! in lies, that touch the state,
 We *Country Gentlemen* have far more weight;
 Fiction from us the public still must gull,—
 They think we're honest, as they know we're dull!
 To our assertions yield at once assent,
 And trust to Nature that we don't invent!

PRETTYMAN.

In yon Cathedral, I a Prebend boast,
 The maiden bounty of our gracious host!

O witless lout.] Our poet here seems to deviate from his general rule, by the introduction of a phrase, which appears rather adapted to the lower and less elevated strain of pastoral, than to the dialogue of persons of such distinguished rank. It is, however, to be considered, that it is far from exceeding the bounds of possibility to suppose, that, in certain instances the epithet of "Witless," and the coarse designation of "Lout," may be as applicable to a dignitary of the church, as to the most ignorant and illiterate rustic.

Its

Its yearly profits I to thee resign,
If *Pitt* pronounce not that the palm is mine &c.

BANKS.

A Borough mine, a pledge far dearer sure,
Which in St. Stephen's gives a seat secure !
If *Pitt* to *Prettyman* the prize decree,
Henceforth *Corfe-Castle* shall belong to thee !

PITT.

Begin the strain—while in our easy chairs,
We loll, forgetful of all public cares !
Begin the strain—nor shall I deem my time
Mispent, in hearing a debate in rhyme !

PRETTYMAN.

Father of Lies; by whom, in *Eden's* shade,
Mankind's first parents were to sin betray'd ;
Lo ! on this altar, which to thee I raise,
Twelve *bibles*, bound in red *Morocco*, blaze.

BANKS.

Blest Pow'rs of Falshood, at whose shrine I bend,
Still may success your vot'ry's lies attend ;

V. 31. Dicite : quando quidam in molli confedimus herbâ.

——*Virg.*

What

What prouder victims can your altars boast,
Than honor stain'd, and fame for ever lost?

PRETTYMAN.

How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropp'd the specious fib!
Which, whisper'd slyly in its dark career,
Assails with art, the unsuspecting ear.

BANKS.

How clear, convincing, eloquent, and bold;
The bare-fac'd lie, with manly courage told!
Which, spoke in public, falls with greater force,
And heard by hundreds, is believ'd of course.

PRETTYMAN.

Search through each office for the basest tool,
Rear'd in *Jack Robinson's* abandon'd school;
Rose, beyond all the sons of dulness, dull,
Whose legs are scarcely thicker than his scull;
Not *Rose*, from all restraints of conscience free,
In double dealing, is a match for me.

BANKS.

Step from St. Stephen's up to Leaden-hall,
Where Europe's crimes appear no crimes at all;

Not

Not *Major Scott*, with bright Pagodas paid ;
That wholesale dealer in the lying trade ;
Not he, howe'er important his design,
Can li with impudence, surpassing mine.

PRETTYMAN.

Sooner the afs in fields of air shall graze,
Or *Warton's* Odes with justice claim the bays ;
Sooner shall mackrel on the plains disport,
Or *Mulgrave's* hearers think his speech too short ;
Sooner shall sense escape the prattling lips
Of Captain *Charles*, or Col'nel *Henry Phipps* ;
Sooner shall *Campbell* mend his phrase uncouth,
Than Doctor *Prettyman* shall speak the truth !

BANKS.

When *Fox* and *Sheridan* for fools shall pass,
And *Jemmy Luttrell* not be thought an afs ;
When all their audience shall enraptur'd sit
With *Mauvey's* eloquence, and *Martin's* wit ;
When fiery *Kenyon* shall with temper speak,
When modest blushes dye *Dundas's* cheek ;
Then, only then, in *Pitt's* behalf will I
Refuse to pledge my honour to a lie.

V. 63. Ante leve; ergo pascenter in æthere cervi
Et fre.a destituent nudos in littore pisces.—*Virg.*

PRETTY-

PRETTYMAN.

While in suspense our Irish project hung,
 A well-fram'd fiction from this fruitful tongue
 Sooth'd Britain's cares, bade all her terrors cease,
 And lull'd her Manufacturers to peace :
 The tale was told with so demure an air,
 Not wary Commerce could escape the snare.

BANKS.

When Secret Influence expiring lay,
 And Whigs triumphant hail'd th' auspicious day,
 I bore that faithless message to the House,
 By *Pitt* contriv'd the gaping 'squires to chouse ;
 That deed, I ween, demands superior thanks :
 The British Commons were the dupes of *Banks*.

Gaping 'Squires.] The ingenious and sagacious gentlemen, who at the period of the glorious revolution of 1784, held frequent meetings at the St. Alban's Tavern, for the purpose of bringing about an union, that might have prevented the dissolution of parliament ; which meetings afforded time to one of the members of the proposed union to concert means throughout every part of the kingdom, for ensuring the success of that salutary and constitutional measure, which thro' his friend Mr. B—ks, he had solemnly pledged himself not to adopt.

PRETTY-

PRETTYMAN.

Say in what regions are those fathers found,
For deep-diffembling policy renown'd ;
Whose subtle precepts for perverting truth,
To quick perfection train'd our patron's youth,
And taught him all the mystery of lies ?
Resolve me this, and I resign the prize.

BANKS.

Say what that mineral, brought from distant climes,
Which screens delinquents, and absolves their crimes,
Whose dazzling rays confound the space between
A tainted strumpet, and a spotless Queen ;
Which Asia's Princes give, which Europe's take ;
Tell this dear Doctor, and I yield the stake.—

V. 91. Dic quibus in terris, &c.———*Virg.*

Whose dazzling rays.] It must be acknowledged that there is some obscurity in this passage, as well as in the following line,

“ Which Asia's princes give, which Europe's take.”

of which certain seditious, malevolent, disaffected critics have taken advantage, and have endeavoured, by a forced construction, to discover in them an unwarrantable insinuation against the highest and most sacred characters; from which infamous imputation, however, we trust, the well known and acknowledged loyalty of our author's principles, will sufficiently protect him.

PITT.

PITT.

Enough, my friends—break off your tuneful sport,
 'Tis Levee day, and I must dress for Court ;
 Which hath more boldly, or expertly lied,
 Not mine th' important contest to decide.
 Take thou this *mitre*, Doctor, which before
 A greater hypocrite sure never wore,
 And if to services rewards be due,
 Dear *Banks*, this *coronet* belongs to you :
 Each from that Government deserves a prize,
 Which thrives on shuffling, and subsists by lies.

V. 106. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.—*Virg.*

V. 111. Et vitulâ tu dignus & hic.———*Virg.*

[The

[The following Song by Captain MORRIS, came too late to be inserted with the other Songs of that gentleman, in page 246.]

S O N G.

THE WESTMINSTER TRIUMPH.

I.

WHILE Vi’ry smiles on patriot worth,
And Wisdom shouts applause, Sir,
What joy to think, amidst our mirth,
We've fought in Freedom's cause, Sir.
That liberty our fathers won
Their sons have well defended,
And faithfully that duty done
Which Heav'n for man intended.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free Sons have shewn,
When Kings misuse their station,
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,
For Freedom's preservation.

II.

See, with what just, yet jealous pride,
Our fathers watch'd the crown, Sir;
Beneath *their* eye, no King could stride
Beyond his legal bound, Sir;

They

They liv'd in loyal duty brave,
 While freedom mark'd his sway, Sir ;
 But, when abus'd, that pow'r they gave,
 As quick, they took away, Sir.

III.

Look back, and see what blood hath stain'd
 Our page in civil fight, Sir,
 When *bold Prerogative* disdain'd
 A free-born nation's right, Sir.
 What tears have drown'd this widow'd land
 When monarchs ruled by *will*, Sir,
 And but for *patriot Virtue's* hand,
 Those tears had trickled still, Sir.

IV.

And now, when Britain's drooping head
 Can scarce withstand its foes, Sir,
 Shall he, whose talents kingdoms dread,
 A despot frown depose, Sir ?
 Shall Britain's King the *Whigs* disdain,
 On whom the Empire rests, Sir ;
 Or, when half's lost, shall Tories reign
 The guardians of the rest, Sir ?

V.

Shall public good be thus betray'd,
 In Britain's humblest hour ;
 A falling nation lose the aid,
 Of wisdom's amplest pow'r ?

In

In days like these, shall fav'rites dare,
 To rule for court applause, Sir ?
 And he, who loves the people, bear
 No sway in Britain's cause, Sir ?

VI.

Forbid it Fate, that freemen born
 For public zeal be hated !
 Or bend beneath that prince's scorn,
 Whom Freedom's voice created.
 For, no hereditary right
 To Crowns enslaves our vows, Sir ;
'Tis Freedom gives and binds 'em tight,
On Patriot Princes' brows, Sir.

VII.

Then, be the triumph great and gay,
 That crowns our Champion's glory !
 Oh may the blest auspicious day,
 Long live in British story !
 May endless honors grace that head
 In which, with partial hand, Sir,
 Kind Heav'n a chosen light hath shed,
 To save a sinking land, Sir.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons, &c. &c.

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